Polyhedron

NEWSZINE

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RPGA NETWORK

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Conventions

Constitution III, Jan. 20-22 Laurel, MD—Held at the Best Western Maryland Inn, events include new RPGA Network events, other role-playing, board, and miniatures games. Registration: $17 pre-registered, $22 on site. Write to: Chesapeake Games, P.O. Box 13607, Silver Spring, MD 20911-3607.

Winter War XXII, Feb. 3-5 Champaign, IL—The U of I Conflict Simulation Society will hold its 22nd annual convention at the Chancellor Hotel, 1501 Neil Street. Features include the AD&D® game, *Circus Maximus, Diplomacy, Illuminati, Sniper,* and *Star Fleet Battles* tournaments, as well as board games, miniatures, and role-playing events. Registration is $6 for the weekend, with $2 event fees. At the door: $8 for weekend or $4 per day, with $2.50 event fees. Judges needed! For information, send a SASE to: Donald McKinney, 986 Pomona Drive, Champaign, IL 61821, or call 217-351-9194. Send e-mail messages to: rcs@csci.csc.com.

Club Con 4, Feb. 4-5 Cleveland, OH—The Club is holding its annual convention at the Independence Holiday Inn. Network Living City, Grand Masters, Masters, and Feature tournaments, *Vampire* and *Ars Magica* live action, board games, miniatures, Puffing Billy, and more. There will be a *Magic: The Gathering* tournament and *Jyhad*. The Club will sponsor a party on Saturday night. Pre-registration is $12.95 for the weekend, $9.95 Saturday; $5.95 Sunday. Room rates are $57. To make reservations, call: 216-524-8050 and tell them you are with Club Con. To register with the convention or for additional information, write: Club Con 4, P.O. Box 16161, Rocky River, OH 4416-0161, or call Steve at 216-944-4036, or Mark at 216-587-5020.

Winter Fantasy™ Convention, Feb. 10-12 Milwaukee, WI—Come to Wisconsin's *other* convention. It's three days of non-stop action—role-playing games, Network tournaments, war games, seminars, workshops, and more! Join our fabulous guests of honor: Chuck Crain of Ral Partha fame and Wolfgang Baur, editor of Dungeon™ Adventures! Feature events include Malatra™ The Living Jungle, three new Living City events, Puffing Billy, HMGS miniature games, and more. The gaming is hot! For more information and a registration form, write soon to: RPGA Network, 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva, WI 53147.

OrcCon, Feb. 17-20 Los Angelas, CA—All types of family, strategy, adventure, board, role-playing, miniatures, and computer gaming can be found at OrcCon at the LA Airport Hyatt Hotel. Find bargains at the flea markets, auction, and in the exhibitor area. Contact: Strategicon, P.O. Box 3849, Torrance, CA 90510-3849.

Egyptian Campaign, March 3-4 Carbondale, IL—The S.I.U.C. Stragegic Games Society hosts this grand convention in the 2nd floor ballrooms of the SIU student center. Cost is $12 at the door, $10 pre-registration. No event fees. Events include Network tournaments, such as the AD&D game and Living City. Also featured—*Magic: The Gathering, Car Wars, BattleTech, Shadowrun, Vampire, WarHammer 40K, Civilization*, and many others. Guest of honor is the Network's own Dave Gross. Write: Egyptian Campaign, c/o S.I.U.C. Strategic Games Society, Office of Student Development, 3rd Floor Student Center, Carbondale, IL 62901-4425. Call Joel Nadler at 618-529-4630 or 1-800-297-2160.

Concentric, March 3-5 Chicago, IL—The Center of the Universe beckons! Our line-up includes: Network events, Living City, *BattleTech*, a *Space Hulk* spectacular, Puffing Billy, a special *Thieves' World* game with guest player Lynn Abbey, board games, computer games, and much, much more! Artist guest is Larry Elmore. Pre-registration until Feb. 15 is $13, at the door: $17. Write: Concentric Circle Inc., 114 Euclid Box 287, Park Ridge, IL 60068.

PointCon II, March 4-5 Stevens Point, WI—This fine festival of gaming will feature role-playing, strategy, and card games. . . plus other events such as miniatures judging and seminars on game-related topics. Write: Gamers Anonymous of Stevens Point, Box 41 University Activities Office, University Center UWSP, Stevens Point, WI 54481.

CosCon, March 10-12 Butler, PA—The Circle of Swords Gaming Guild is sponsoring a festival of gaming at the Days Inn Conference Center in Butler, PA. Guest of honor is Jean Rabe. Featured: first-run Living City and Benefit events, board games, miniature events, free-form role-playing, and many, many, more games too numerous to mention. We will also have a dealer's room, new game demonstrations, and other special activities. Don't miss the action! Registration is $15 until Feb. 25, $20 at the door. Send a SASE to: Circle of Swords, P.O. Box 2126, Butler PA 16003.

Spring Revel, March 16-19 Rosemont, IL—The gaming is non-stop at this four-day extravaganza of role-playing, board gaming, and miniature excitement at the Ramada Hotel O'Hare! Little Wars is the war-gaming half of the con, and Spring Revel covers the role-playing events. Look for the premier of an Ed Greenwood AD&D game tournament; three new Living City tournaments, including a two-round event where everyone advances; the first Network-sponsored *Masque of the Red Death* event; a Boot Hill® Benefit, and much, much more! Visit with the guests of honor, shop in the large dealer's room. Get the special room rates of $58 by calling the Ramada Hotel O'Hare at 708-827-5131. To register or for more information, write: Spring Revel, Keith Polster, P.O. Box 27, Theresa, WI 53091.

ConnCon, March 24-26 Danbury, CT—The 7th annual ConnCon boasts a vast number of games, including role-playing, miniatures, card, and board games. Featured are many first-run Network events, including Living City, Living Jungle, and Virtual Seattle. Other campaign-style events include *Mercs & Mechs* and Tales Heard at a Miskatonic Reunion. Don't miss the AD&D game, *Magic: The Gathering*, Spellfire™ game, *BattleTech*, and more. Guests of honor include Jean Rabe and Sam Lewis. For more info: ConnCon, P.O. Box 444, Sherman, CT 06784-0444.

Gold Con V, April 15 Clark, NJ—This one-day fest will be held at the American Legion Post on Westfield Ave. RPGA Network events include two AD&D games and two Living City scenarios. Play *Magic: The Gathering, Space Hulk, Talisman, Civilization*, and *Axis & Allies*. Write: Gold Con, 3 Foursome Dr., Marlboro, NJ 07746.

Cruise Con, April 27-30—The Ultimate Role-Playing Experience Awaits! Three days, three nights on Carnival's luxury liner, the *Fantasy*. 1st-Class gaming, theme scenarios, paragon-level events, Network tournaments, Living City, and much more. Visit the islands with our low-priced package deals. Don't miss this once in a life time convention! Guests of honor: Jean Rabe, Darwin Bromley, and Wizards of the Coast representatives. For more information, call: 216-673-2117.

About the Cover

At dusk the wizard retires to his lair, as depicted in this month's cover by Network member David Zenz.

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If your mailing label reads

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Polyhedron® NEWSZINE

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Notes From HQ

Bidding My Cluttered Office Farewell

After holding the reins of the RPGA® Network for nearly eight years, I've decided it's time for me to move on to a new set of challenges. Sometime during the next several weeks, I'll transfer to the games division of TSR, Inc., where I'll try my hand as a designer and editor. I've written and edited a few accessories over the years, but doing so full-time will be an exciting change.

I've enjoyed my time with the Network—moreso perhaps than any other job I've held. I will take with me photo albums filled with convention pictures and programs, favorite letters, boxes of souvenirs, and hundreds of very warm memories.

Through the past many years I've traveled across the United States and to Australia—attending conventions, talking with Network members, hosting seminars, and running more than a few tournaments.

I remember my first major convention as Network Coordinator. I attended the Origins show in Baltimore in 1987. As a newspaper reporter I had covered several plane crashes and refused to get on one myself. So I took the train to Baltimore—a 24-hour trip each way. The convention was fun, the trip was absolutely and utterly terrible, and Harold Johnson, my boss at the time, said if I wanted to go to any more conventions I was going to learn to fly. Well, since there aren't *potions of flying* in the real world, I swallowed my fears and since that time I've logged more miles than I can count on lots of airplanes.

A month after Baltimore, I worked my first GEN CON® Game Fair, which saw the birth of the Living City program. Jim Ward, now a TSR vice president and one of the creators of RAVENS BLUFF™ The Living City, authored the premier event (and was a little upset with me because I cut out the *maces of disruption* all the player characters were to be handed). The Living City program has snowballed since then, and now dozens upon dozens of conventions have events, seminars, and more. Of course, there still are no *maces of disruption*. (You win a few every once in a while.) But there are plenty of other magic items.

I think I'll always remember:

* DMing a TOP SECRET/S.I.™ Game in Canberra, Australia. It was January—their summer—so rather than select a table *inside* the convention hall, I made my players sit at a picnic table *outside* where there was no shade in sight. We all had a wonderful time, but we also had bright red faces and arms.
* Standing-room-only writing seminars at ConnCon in Danbury, Connecticut, where I was incredibly nervous because a few people were videotaping me.
* Writing tournaments with Skip Williams on a very old Atari that was affectionately called "the toaster."
* Sharing *fireballs* with Willi Burger, Wayne Straiton, and Carl Longley.
* A charity tournament in New Jersey that started at midnight and featured odd potions and pleasantly-delivered hot dogs.
* A risqué Grand Masters session at CosCon that had everyone gasping for breath.
* Playing Living City Poker until the early hours with Mark Liberman, Allen Fawcett, and Dan Donnelly.
* Seeing Beverly Hills and strangely-dressed people on skate boards late one Sunday night with RD Gary Haynes.
* Getting pitched—fully clothed—into a swimming pool for charity in Ohio.
* Bowling in Lake Geneva with Dirk Rennecke, Germany's Regional Director.
* Getting lost driving to Milwaukee on the way to a GEN CON Game Fair. (And Aussie passenger Wes Nicholson was the one who found MECCA.)
* Participating in the raw liver toss at Keith Polster's October convention.
* Running Chemcheaux for hours and hours and hours in Atlanta.
* Watching a foot of snow come down the first day of three WINTER FANTASY™ Conventions in a row.
* Seeing people at one GEN CON Game Fair donate money and generic tickets to a gamer they didn't know who had the misfortune of having her wallet stolen.
* Taking a break at Ghengis Con and walking around in downtown Denver in February—without a coat.
* Sharing con tales with Jean Gray.
* Working on 70 issues of the POLYHEDRON Newszine.
* Hiding my old dog under my desk when I spent a couple of very late nights editing the Game Fair's pre-registration book. (Old dogs can't stay home by themselves for too many hours in a row.)
* Watching Dave O'Brien and Jim Ward play Lord Blacktree and Lord Mayor Charles Oliver O'Kane at our first Living City Bazaar.
* Brainstorming sections of the Living Jungle while rain pounded down on the skylights (and several drops found their way past the skylight.)
* And watching participants at the 1994 Game Fair raise more than $13,000 for the Okada Guide Dog Program and the Wisconsin Children's Hospital.

Most of all I'll remember and keep all the wonderful friends I've made. I have learned that gamers are warm-hearted, generous souls, and I can't think of any finer group of people to be associated with.

I'll continue to support the Network. I've got several tournaments in the works, including a rather unusual Living City event for Dragon*Con. And I've lots of ideas for Newszine articles. I might have a little more time to play Benzoate Glycol, my favorite LC character (though probably not the favorite of those who adventure with him). And I'll have more spare time at conventions to visit with friends. The Network will stay in very good hands. Dave Gross, currently the associate editor of this fine magazine, becomes the editor with issue #104 (this is my last as editor). I've enjoyed working on the past many issues with Dave, and I know he will take the POLYHEDRON Newszine in many new and wonderful directions. And Kevin Melka will continue to oversee our tournament programs. He is coordinating this year's WINTER FANTASY. (I hope he doesn't see a foot of snow on the first day of the show.)

Thank you for all the wonderful times and memories we've shared under the RPGA Network banner.

Take Care,

Jean Rabe

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Letters

Ravens Bluff Questions

Hello from Michigan! I need clarification on some RPGA® Network rules. I've been a member for several years, and I have participated as a player and a judge. Most recently I have been DMing Living City events.

Is it true that we shouldn't let a person play the Living City more than once if they are not a Network member? I, for one, don't like turning a gamer away from my table. This becomes complicated to enforce if the player already has purchased a ticket.

I hear rumors all of the time regarding rule updates for character creation. For example, the Wild Mage kit is not allowed or the Ghost Hunter from the *Paladin's Handbook* can't be selected. Is there a published list of deviations from the "kits?" If the players are obligated to have written proof of a character class or kit ability I think it only proper to give the DMs a list of "special" rules for Living City games. I did finagle a copy of the GEN CON® Game Fair Living City rules. Could this be sent along with the modules from HQ when a module is sent to a convention?

I also have noticed several items in the POLYHEDRON® Newszine that warn against giving out items that may unbalance the game, and in general I think the modules I have been judging adhere to this guideline. Yet, I've been seeing some pretty decent items on PC sheets. For example, I had a player with black dragon plate mail with an effective AC of -8. Compared to the average player of AC 2 or AC 3, I think this tends to "unbalance" the game. I asked where they are getting this equipment, and they tell me it's via the Chemcheauxs or a "special" module or an auction. As these events are limited in availablity, would it be possible to get a list of these items? Could Don Weatherbee add this to his database? I was lucky enough to get a copy of his census, nice job Don!

We are now provided with a slip of paper for magic items, and this seems to be working well. The players like it, and I like it as a DM. Can the older modules be updated to include this list? That would be great.

Is there a copy of the laws of Ravens Bluff? I keep hearing characters shout at me, "It's illegal to draw a weapon in the city limits," or "Hostile magic is forbidden." I know there are several LC modules printed, like LC1 through LC4, but they are out of print. Can I still get copies via the Mail Order Hobby Shop? Speaking of which, can I use my gift certificates to buy some of those items I complained about before for my own PC? (Ha ha ha.)

What is happening with the Consortium, and how does one participate? It would be nice if a list of members of the Consortium was published so players could see who is making decisions. There seems to be an inner circle forming and taking control of the Living City. How about making this a little more democratic by adding a voting system to the Living City? Each Network member could have a vote, and we could hold special elections with ballots in the POLYHEDRON Newszine.

I also have questions with the Knighthoods. I've been seeing several characters that are Golden Roosters and a few Knights of the Griffin. What does one have to do to apply? My character is a specialty priestess of Mystra, 6th level, named Thomisina "The Good." I would like to apply for entry into the Guardians of the Mystic Flame. Do I need to petition someone, and whom might that be?

This is just an observation; while it is nice to have our own gaming area at a convention site, other convention participants miss out on some good gaming because we are in a separate room. I love to walk around in the gaming hall and check out the action. If I see a group of people having a blast, I probably would try to get in on the next session of the game.

Joe Zellmer
Coloma, MI

Whew. You ask lots of questions, Joe. But they're questions we've been hearing from a lot of people lately, so we'll try to answer most of them.

Non-Network members in LC events? We prefer to keep Living City events open only to members. At the GEN CON Game Fair and the Network's own WINTER FANTASY™ Convention, we have close control over sanctioned events and can restrict who plays in them. However, we can't police other conventions around the world, so it is pretty much up to the con coordinators who can play in which events. We believe members should have priviledges, and playing in LC events—and other Network tournaments—should be one of those priviledges. We've found through the years that only a small percentage of non-members who play LC tournaments turn around and join the Network. As some non-members have told us: "Why should I join when I can play in Network tournaments anyway?" Our answer: "Join the Network if you want to play Living City tournaments. It's a priviledge of membership."

LC Character updates? They're coming. A group of Network members called the Living City Consortium studied the handbooks and came up with several recommendations about which kits to allow. Because a couple more class books and rule books are in the works, such as The Complete Barbarian *and* Master's

Option, *we decided to hold off until we looked at that material, too. Some things to keep in mind until we publish the updates: Don't pick a kit that looks unbalanced, because your character will likely have to be altered when the update comes out. For example, selecting an elf kit that lets your character hang upside down from a tree and fire eight arrows a round is not a wise choice. It's definitely an unbalanced kit. Steer clear of bladesingers and battleragers, too. Just use a little sound judgment, and you should be all right. And as far as races—Just about any human, dwarf, elf, halfling, and gnome has been allowed. However, unusual races do not get unusual abilities. For example, if you want to play a drow—fine, but you don't get the special drow enhancements of The Underdark, such as magic resistance and the ability to cast faerie fire as an innate power. Same goes with the exotic dwarves and gnomes. We figure that when a PC leaves the underground and ventures into the city setting, he or she has left behind the special abilities tied to their homeland. By the way, the Game Fair Living City character rules are the same ones sent to every convention hosting a LC event.*

Magic items in LC tournaments? We're usually pretty careful about what we offer as treasure in events—no vorpal swords, maces of disruption, and the like. Some players have indeed acquired special items from the Chemcheaux Magic Shop or charity auctions. But all of those players were given special certificates. If you have a player at a table with an unusual item, ask to see the certificate. Some players (thankfully only a very few players) cheat. They'll fabricate magic items and try to bluff DMs. When they get caught, their PC gets retired—thrown in the city's dungeons so to speak. We don't tolerate cheaters. For example, you mentioned black dragon armor. There hasn't been a tournament with a black dragon in it. And according to our records, no such thing was sold from Chemcheaux. Check for certificates on unusual items next time. There's plenty of room in the jails.

The Consortium, knighthoods, and more. The consortium is a special Network club, and the members worked dilligently to come up with knighthoods, a wizard's guild, a set of laws for the city, and more. You'll be seeing the results of their labors in future issues of the Newszine. For example, next issue you'll see an article on the city's military. We'll credit everyone involved with Consortium projects—and publicly pat them on the back for all the time they put in. Watch these pages for more LC stuff.

Voting on LC matters? It's not practical to put up to a vote how the Living City program runs. However, we took steps like creating the Consortium to help with a lot of projects. We'll pass your name on to Consortium members so you can get involved, too. And look for LC seminars at the Game Fair and other conventions, where you can have input into Ravens Bluff activities.

More visibility at conventions? Where Network events run at conventions is up to the convention coordinators. At the Game Fair, the Network runs its events in the Arena. But it also has a few events in other halls, where the public can watch the fun. At our WINTER FANTASY convention, Network events are spread throughout the hotel.

Thanks for all the questions, Joe. And keep us posted on your LC DMing activities!

Newszine Praise

Please RENEW my subscription to the POLYHEDRON Newszine for another 12 issues as soon as possible. Enclosed please find a $20 Money Order for payment.

The POLYHEDRON Newszine is the best magazine devoted to the RPG genre that I've ever read, DRAGON® Magazine included. I look forward each and every month to my issue, and of special interest to me as a gamer/GM are the science-fiction articles. "The Living Galaxy" is my favorite of all sci-fi articles so far, and I collect all the articles to use as a guide to both running and enjoying my games involving adventures/adventurers in space.

Keep up the brilliant work, and from one VERY satisfied fan—THANK EACH AND EVERY PERSON there who makes it all possible. Hope to be a subscriber for many, many years to come.

Marty Pishioner
Junior, WV

Marty—Thanks much for the kind words. You've made our day, and we hope to keep you happy so you'll indeed continue your subscription for many, many years!

We welcome letters from Network members—criticisms, compliments, questions, opinions, and thought-provoking missives. The Network changes and grows based on what the members want. We changed the tournaement voting procedures because of member response. And requests from LC players and DMs expanded our Living City activities. You get out of this organization what you put into it. So let your voice be heard!

Send your letters to: POLYHEDRON Newszine, 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva, WI 53147.

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Forgotten Deities

Lesser Known Gods of the Realms

by Eric L. Boyd

After the Time of Troubles, or the Avatar Crisis, the deities of the Forgotten Realms took a deeper interest in their followers, particularly their priests. This renewed emphasis on the clergy introduced specialty priests to the Realms.

Many of the "mainstream" deities of the Realms are summarized in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Setting box. The material covers dead gods, quasi-powers, cults, overgods, and nonhuman deities, current up to, but not including, the events in the novel *Prince of Lies*. Details of many of the specialty priests were released in the FORGOTTEN REALMS *Adventures* (FRA) hardcover. (As a side note, although Tyr, God of Justice, is listed as having no specialty priests in FRA, such specialty priests do apparently exist in Wildspace.)

Other specialty priests have arisen among the peoples of Maztica, the natives of Chult, the humans of Durpar in the Shining Lands, the Azuposi humans north of Maztica, the humans of the Old Empires, the elves, the drow, the dwarves, the halflings of Luiren, and numerous other nonhuman races.

In addition to the mainstream deities of the Heartlands, references to numerous minor deities have appeared in FORGOTTEN REALMS products. Although less familiar to the peoples of the Heartlands, these deities also have their adherents, including specialty priests.

Less "mainstream" deities include the banished tanar'ri known as Orcus who was worshipped in Vaasa, the dead "Old Gods" of Unther, and minor deities of Mulhorand. These gods also include the minor spirits of the Azuposi north of Maztica, the Celestial Bureaucracy of Kara-Tur, the numerous gods and spirits of the inhabitants of Zhakara, and the gods of the barbarians of the Hordelands. Most gods of the ancient Netherese have been forgotten by all but a few sages, although Karse and Amaunator (detailed hereafter) still have a few followers. The gods of the dragons appear to have no specialty priests, except for Tiamat, who has picked up some human worshippers in Unther. Likewise, the Bedine of Anauroch have no priests at all. The human Ulutiuns living on the Great Glacier practice little formal worship, but those who do worship gods mostly revere the mainstream deities known by their regional names.

Cults exist scattered throughout the Realms. Several saints are venerated in Damara, and many beast cults exist among the Uthgardt barbarians and the Ice Hunters of the Savage Frontier. Elemental cults such as the worship of Kossuth the Fire Lord in Thay exist throughout the Realms. The Cult of Ao appeared in Waterdeep following the Overgod's appearance at the end of the Time of Troubles, but his followers do not currently receive divine aid or power, and they are apparently ignored by Ao. Occasionally, nefarious individuals create cults which pretend to worship a nonexistent being for the purposes of manipulating and exploiting the cultists.

One such example is the short-lived cult of a supposed sahuagin deity known as Gulkulath, Lord of the Northern Deeps. The cult was active in the Dock Ward of Waterdeep for a time and was created to manipulate naive sailors and dock workers.

Another example is the Cult of the Sacred Skull centered in the eastern Sword of Anauroch. This cult attracts a ragtag band of fanatic Bedine warriors and thieves, and it is led by a high priest mind flayer under the control of the phaerimm. Other cults live for a short period and then (apparently) fade away. Among these are the Cult of the Dancing Bear and the Cult of Kambadlan, the Black Tortoise of the Night—both of which were active in Waterdeep for a

number of years—in addition to the Cult of the Bright Sword, active in Thentia. Among the dwarves, religious cults such as the Wyrm Cult and the Cult of the Living Axe periodically resurface.

In some cases, idol worship will result in the creation of a minor deity, as evidenced by the broken statue in the Gorge of the Fallen Idol. The most powerful active cult in existence in the Realms is the Cult of the Dragon, which is a secret society rather than a religious organization. The priests of the cult are actually priests of Cyric or Shar, though they work tirelessly alongside powerful mages, warriors, and rogues to bring about the rule of the dead dragons. The dead dragons themselves do not or cannot grant priestly spells, so "their" priests do not derive powers from them.

Finally, there appear to be many extra-planar creatures with powers comparable to a minor deity who are not worshipped or, if they are, have no true priests and cannot grant spells. Such creatures include Kezef the Chaos Hound, Dendar the Night Serpent, and an evil frost elemental, Zzutam, worshipped by frost giants in Thar.

In this and later installments of "Forgotten Deities" you will find descriptions of many of these powers and their specialty priesthoods with some presence in western Faerûn for use with FORGOTTEN REALMS campaigns. Most of these quasi-powers are briefly discussed in the FORGOTTEN REALMS Campaign Setting box. The majority are relatively obscure human deities, although some are primarily nonhuman deities.

The specialty priest descriptions are loosely developed according to the guidelines of *The Complete Priests Handbook*, but they tend to err on the side of increased powers in keeping with the general power levels of specialty priests in FRA. The format is based on the concise representation found in the *From the Ashes* boxed set and *Drow of the Underdark*. In the description of each deity, **power** indicates whether the deity is a greater, intermediate, lesser, or demipower. **Plane** indicates the prime, inner, or outer plane the power considers its "home," **AoC** indicates the areas of concern typically ascribed to the power and over which the power exerts influence. **WAL** indicates the alignments which the power deems acceptable among its worshippers.

Symbol describes the typical picture associated with the power, and **sex** indicates the gender typically ascribed to the Power.

Although many DMs eliminate clerics and use only specialty priests in their Realms-based campaigns, for the purposes of this article the composition of the clergy of the various faiths will be assumed to include a mixture of clerics, specialty priests, and other classes. The percentage breakdown of the different types of followers will be presented, if necessary, as was done in FRA. In the descriptions of the requirements of each power's priesthood, the following symbols are used:

AB indicates the minimum ability scores required to become a specialty priest of the power. Ability requirements listed are in addition to a minimum Wisdom score of 9. If either Wisdom or the other listed prime requisite marked with an asterisk equals or exceeds 16, the priest receives a 5% bonus to experience. If both abilities equal or exceed 16, the priest receives a 10% bonus to experience.

AL indicates acceptable alignment(s) for a specialty priest of the power.

WP indicates which weapons are acceptable to specialty priests of the power. A designation such as any (scimitar 1st) means that a priest may use any weapon, but a scimitar must be his first weapon proficiency.

AR indicates armor restrictions for priests of the power. These include the following: none = no armor allowed, nonmetal = any nonmetallic armor allowed, as bard = any armor up to and including chain mail, metal = only metal armor allowed, and any = any armor allowed.

SP indicates the spheres of spells to which the deity grants access. These spheres include spheres and spells from the *Tome of Magic*, and subdivided Elemental spheres as detailed in that volume. All priests have access to the spells listed under the All sphere. A sphere followed by an asterisk means priests are allowed only minor access to spells of that sphere. A sphere noted as (rev) means that only reversed forms of spell from this sphere can be used.

SPL indicates the name of any special spells available only to the specialty priests of the power. Three such spells are detailed at the end of the article.

PW indicates special powers commonly granted to priests (and only specialty priests) by the power. A granted power preceded by a number is granted only when the priest reaches the level of experience indicated by the number. These abilities are in addition to the normal spells and proficiencies granted to the priest. Spell-like powers are labeled as such. For example, (W3) indicates that the power is equivalent to a third level wizard spell of the same name. The reference source of rare spell-like powers are also provided. Unless otherwise specified, a granted power may be used but once per day.

TU indicates the ability to turn or command undead creatures.

QS indicates suggested quest spells that the deity might grant under the appropriate circumstances, as described in the *Tome of Magic*. Although lesser gods and demigods cannot "officially" grant quest spells, suggestions are included if this power is expanded by the DM to include all deities.

Amaunator, At'ar the Merciless (Lathander?)

Power: Lesser (formerly Greater); **Plane:** Nirvana; **AoC:** Sun, law and order, time; **Align:** LN(E); **WAL:** L; **Symbol:** Sun with male face; **Sex:** Male (or Female)

Amaunator was a male sun god of ancient Netheril, whose worship has declined precipitously since the destruction of that nation of wizards and magic, not unlike Karse. Amaunator was revered as the patron of law and the keeper of time. His justice was supposed to be fair but harsh. He was revered by many rulers, soldiers, and powerful mages.

The people of dying Netheril blamed Amaunator for the encroachment of Anauroch, which destroyed their nation. He was officially reviled, his priests scattered and slain. Today, worship of Amaunator is confined to several extremely secretive cults of human mages and priests located in the Fallen Lands. Amaunator has faded in power since Netheril's destruction, and has since turned bitter and cruel.

Amaunator is revered today as At'ar, goddess of the sun, by the Bedine nomads who roam Anauroch. The Bedine have no priests and view At'ar as a harlot who betrays her lawful

husband Kozah (Talos) every day to sleep with N'asr (either Myrkul, Cyric, or Kelemvor, depending on the year).

Some sages speculate Amaunator no longer exists, but has been reborn as Lathander, greater god of dawn. These same sages speculate that Lathander will eventually reclaim the sun as his sphere of influence and then eventually decay, in an endless cycle of rebirth.

Amaunator's Priests

Priests of Amaunator were powerful political figures at the height of the Netherese nation. Many served as regional rulers and political advisors. Despite the clergy's efforts to halt the creeping desert, Anauroch approached relentlessly. When the population rose up in revolt after seven years of bad harvests, the priests responded without mercy to suppress the uprising. This slide toward tyranny led to the overthrow of the political and religious authority of Amaunator's clergy.

Amaunator's only remaining hierarchies of priests survive as cults in secret fortresses scattered throughout the Fallen Lands. Most of these cults practice evil rituals and plot the eventual enslavement of Faerûn. With the demise of Bane, many of Amaunator's remaining priests have declared the Sun God to be "Lord of Strife and Tyranny."

Needless to say, Cyric is less than amused at their impudence. (DMs may wish to chronicle a reintroduction of Amaunator's worship into the mainstream pantheon of the Realms to fill the current void of a lawful evil greater power.) If Amaunator truly has been reborn as Lathander, then it is likely that some other deity, such as the god of destruction, Talos, is supplying the sun god's priests with spells and powers.

Requirements: AB Wis 15*, Chr 12*, Con 11, Int 12; AL LN or LE; WP as clerics; AR any; RA as priest of Lathander (see FORGOTTEN REALMS *Adventures*, with orange substituted for pink; SP All, Elemental (Fire), Healing*, Law, Numbers*, Sun, Thought*, Time; SPL as priest of Lathander (see FRX1 *Ruins of Myth Drannor* boxed set); PW all priest spells in the spheres of Sun and Elemental (Fire) are cast at priest level +3; TU nil; QS *circle of sunmotes*, (fire) *elemental swarm*.

❑

illustration by Phillip Robb

The Living City

The Horse Businesses

by Terence Kemper

If you climb the Hill of the Bells, about eight blocks from the central market square, you begin to hear the faint tinkling of bells. But as you walk down the other side of the hill and draw closer to the market, the ringing grows louder, and you notice that the peals are short and irregular. Crossing Hay Street, you get close enough to hear the neighing of horses mingling with the harsh, staccato clanging. And as you turn the corner onto Iron Bell Street (named for a long-defunct bell foundry) and approach Anvil Alley, you quickly find the source of the ringing.

Welcome to the Horse Businesses! These prosperous places are among the best of their kind in Ravens Bluff. On the left is Adam and Eve Smith's Smithy. They're brother and sister, you know. And the big establishment across the way covers the whole side of the street!

That's Norge Greenbanks' Horses. If you want a good horse at a good price, Norge is your man. He's got palfreys and warhorses of all kinds. Or, if you'd rather have a pony, a mule, a draft horse, or perhaps even an ox, he's sure to have just what you're looking for.

And if you need your new horse shod, why turn here at the sign of the Iron Bull and have Adam or Eve do it for you. Need a stirrup fixed? A cinch ring replaced? The smiths'll set you right. Turn right or left, stranger—you can't go wrong. Go to the Iron Bull or to Norge's horses.

The Iron Bull Smithy

Visitors to Anvil Alley often notice people and horses gathered under a broad roof. On the triangular gable end hangs the famous Iron Bull which gives the shop its name.

The narrow-waisted, huge chested bull is a two-foot by three-foot iron bas-relief sculpture, now reddish with rust. Beside the road is a gallows-type sign post with a faded black-and-white sign depicting a bull's head flanked by two horseshoes and the legend, "SMITH." The wide roof is made of timber trusses overlaid with sawn boards and pale grey slate shingles. It forms a large roofed porch divided into two parts. One side has three hitching rails with a trough just below for the beasts. The other side is right in front of the two barn-sized swinging doors of the shop, and it contains benches, barrels, and pedestals for the many patrons who usually crowd the area. Those engaged in "horse business" and those who are just interested in local gossip gather here for dinner and supper, bringing their own meals from the nearby pubs and taverns.

Beside this congregation area is a stone artesian well which spills water first into an upper and then a lower font before emptying into a drain in the street. The little courtyard which surrounds it is partly shaded by a huge chestnut tree in the corner of the lot.

The smithy itself is a one-story red-and-yellow brick building. In addition to the broad swinging doors, several big windows let in the air and sunlight. Jutting through the broad eaves on one side of the building is the tall chimney of the forge. A charcoal fire burns in the forge, releasing a plume of smoke from dawn until dusk.

The interior of the shop is quite hot, almost unbearably so in the summer. Over the years, the smoke and dust from the road have coated the brick building, giving it a somber look that contrasts with the lively atmosphere that usually prevails on the porch. About once a year, the Smiths contrive to have boys wash down the front of the building.

Through the wide front doors, which are always open during business hours, the forge stands to the right. Next to it are two matching anvils secured to big wooden blocks, one for each Smith. A large barrel of water stands near the forge, an empty bucket or two and a smaller barrel of mineral oil (used in tempering certain types of iron) rest nearby. Not far from the anvils is a long, heavy, rugged table with various smithing tools upon it or dangling from hooks along its edge. To the left of the doors is a smaller but still rugged table strewn with scrap iron. Some of the metal is piled in heavy wooden bins above or below the table. A wide, tall window rises behind the table.

In the broad aisle between the forge and the scrap table is an immense table resembling a butcher's chopping block, with heavy legs and a thick top. Three vises of different sizes are bolted to its sides, and two more anvils—designed for finer work—rest nearby. Behind this huge table is another tool table filled with hammers, pincers, pliers, cold chisels, drifts, punches, and hoof cleaning knives and parers. The Smiths, though very busy, are well organized.

At the far rear of the shop is a small door for delivering charcoal, cast iron "blanks," and iron "pigs." The blanks and pigs are stored beneath the tool table.

The Smiths

Adam and Eve Smith are the children of Grant Smith, a metalworker from a small town. Grant apprenticed his offspring to a dwarven blacksmith, Hrothgar Hardhammer, when they were in their early teens. They learned smithing, metallurgy, and animal medicine (particularly for horses, mules, donkeys, oxen, and other beasts of burden). Grant Smith died a few years ago, but today his children are among the finest blacksmiths in Ravens Bluff.

Besides shoeing horses and healing minor illnesses and injuries in draft animals, Adam and Eve do just about any sort of iron work, from ornamental "scrolls" to simple farm implements. So advanced is their metallurgical skill that they have discovered new types of iron by melting it and adding other minerals, including limestone and charcoal, to make steel variants.

Adam Smith (F10): THAC0 13; Dmg 1d8+2 long sword; AC 10, 2 chain and shield; hp 77; AL NG; MI *wand of animal healing, shield +2*
S 18, D 12, C 17, I 13, W 11, Ch 16
Weapon Proficiencies: Long sword, lance, war hammer, mace, halberd, poniard
Non-weapon proficiencies: Common, dwarf (13), blacksmithing (18), riding, land-based (horse) (14), animal handling (mounts/draft animals only) (15), animal disease diagnosis (15), founding (11), armor repair (11)

Adam Smith is, true to his name, the consummate blacksmith. In fact, he is the very picture of a blacksmith, 6' 2" tall and 230 pounds of rippling muscle—which he displays to great advantage by going shirtless under his apron. The rest of his work attire includes tall, laced boots and leather breeches. At 28, Adam has dark brown hair, green eyes which sometimes twinkle with mirth or turn cool and distant with sadness. He has identical tatoos of broken chains around his upper arms and a burn scar about four inches long on his left forearm.

Adam spends his evening with his family—his wife, Thalia, their two children, Galatea and Hector—and Eve. His sister is not married and lives somewhat uncomfortably with Adam and Thalia, for the two women are too different to get along well. Rounding out the household is a huge mastiff named Buck. An excellent watchdog, he stands an imposing 30" at the shoulder and weights 185 pounds. Though friendly to familiar visitors, woe to the suspicious or unfriendly intruder!

The Smith's other siblings include Grant the Younger, a turner (a skilled lathe operator), and Ramona, who is married to Russe, a carbonari who sells Adam and Eve the charcoal for their forge. Since business is booming, Adam is interested in taking on an apprentice or journeyman to help. At the moment, Adam splits the profits with Eve 60/40, since he is the senior and has a wife and children to support. Thalia always complains that he should keep an even greater share, especially after he claims they can't afford something she wants.

Adam owns his own chain armor with a fine long sword, shield, war hammer, and dagger. When he reports for militia duty, he picks up a few more weapons, usually a lance or mace.

Adam is a convivial man, easily socializing with friends, neighbors, and customers. He worries a great deal about his young daughter Galatea, who was nearly killed by a crippling disease when she was small. Adam still fears a second, fatal attack. But Galatea remains bright and cheerful despite her inability to walk, and Adam only occasionally grows sad and wistful about his daughter's handicap. He often inquires about finding a priest powerful enough—and inexpensive enough—to heal her affliction. He has fashioned a light wheel-barrow so that Galatea can visit the shop, and a wheel-chair so that she can move around the place. Galatea has learned to handle some of the business aspects of the shop and takes money and gives change, keeping track of the Smiths' simple books.

Eve Smith (F6): THAC0 15; Dmg 1d8 long sword; AC 10, 7 shield; hp 48; MV 12; AL N; MI *shield +2* S 16, D 13, C 16, I 14, W 10, Ch 13 Weapon Proficiencies: Long sword, spear, war hammer, halberd, dagger Non-weapon proficiencies: Common, blacksmithing (16), dwarf (15), riding, land-based (horse) (16), animal handling (mounts/draft animals only) (16), animal disease diagnosis (14), direction sense (13), armor repair (11), dancing (14)

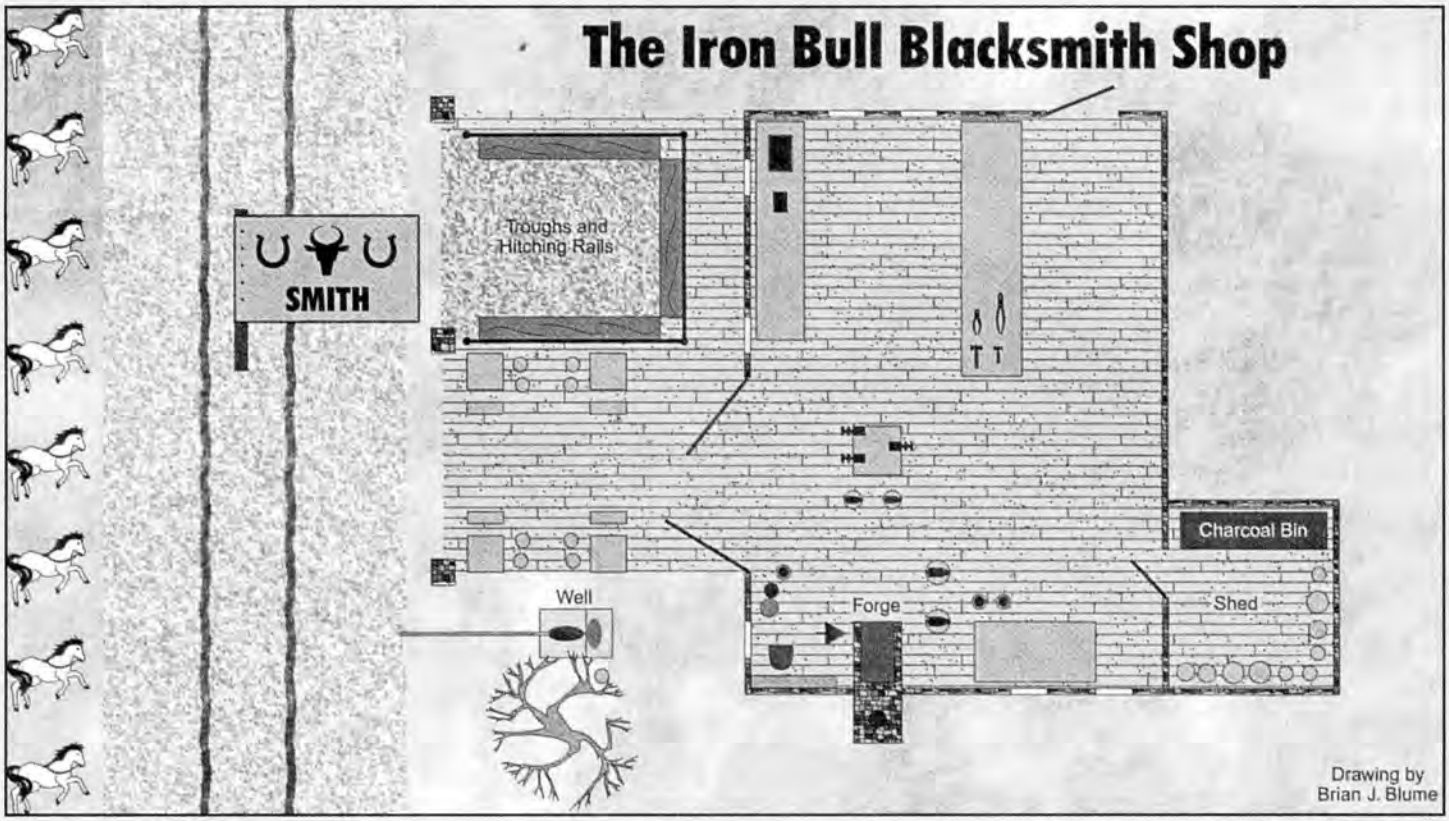
Eve is 23 years old with green eyes like her brother. She has shoulder-length auburn hair,. stands 5'9", and weighs a sturdy, well-muscled 145 pounds. She was once a lively extrovert, one of the best dancers in this end of town. But since her fiance Owen disappeared, she has become quieter, withdrawn, and preoccupied except when working. Owen Hightower went adventuring in the Smoke Mountains eleven months ago. Eve has heard nothing of him since, and she is beset with fears and doubts, growing quiet and withdrawn as she pines for her love. She asks travelers who visit whether they have heard any news of Owen, quickly retreating if there is none.

Thalia, hoping Eve will marry and leave the household, has been encouraging her to forget about Owen and find some other young man. "He's either dead or not coming back for you," says Thalia. Adam is far more sympathetic, asking Eve on occasion whether she'd like him to form a search party. "Not yet," Eve responds. "He'll turn up somehow." But her faith is beginning to waver.

When working, Eve wears snug, calf-high boots and an apron similar to Adam's, with pockets full of nails and small tools. She also wears a halter-top and tight-fitting breeches down to her knees. Also like Adam, she owns her own armor, crafted by Hrothgar Hardhammer as a gift.

Her other war gear includes a long sword, shield, cuirass, greaves, and helm. With her brother, Eve serves two days a month in the volunteer militia, prompting complaints from Thalia, who considers it "unseemly" that brother and sister spend so much time together. When off duty, Eve wears red and green

illustration by Chris Deegan



blouses and skirts, occasionally white or pink for holidays. She still attends dances, but she sits quietly in the shadows, accepting no invitations to dance.

Her relationship with Thalia was never warm, and it has become more strained over the years. Eve can't understand how Adam could have married such a delicate homebody. However, she adores the children, especially Galatea, with whom she shares a love of horses.

It was Eve's passion for horses that really led her to blacksmithing. She has a special touch with the animals, firm, yet gentle. She's a better rider and handler than her brother, though he remains the better blacksmith.

Thalia Smith (F0): THAC0 20; Dmg 1d2 punch; AC 10; hp 6; AL LN
S 7, D 14, C 8, I 13, W 12, Ch 9
Weapon Proficiencies: none
Non-weapon proficiencies: Common, seamstress (14), weaving (14)

Thalia and Adam were married when both were in their teens. Galatea, their oldest child, was born a year and a half later. Thalia is a homebody, a wife dedicated to making her husband and children happy and comfortable. She has no interest in outdoor activities other than attending folk dances with Adam. She is jealous and resentful of her sister-in-law, Eve, and has become more so since Eve's fiance, Owen, disappeared. She thinks Eve is muscle-bound, unfeminine, and a drain on the family's finances. She is beginning to press Eve to go out and begin dating again in the hopes that she will forget Owen, get married, and leave.

Thalia is a delicate beauty with long black hair and soft blue eyes. Her complexion is soft and milk-white so that her veins show blue through her skin. She is a striking contrast to her robust, muscular sister-in-law, and she revels in the difference. She emphasizes the soft, helpless side of her nature, though she has considerable character, too. She uses her feminine wiles to get what she wants from her husband. She wants more children than the two she has, but after two miscarriages, she feels she needs to consult a priest who understands such matters and is discrete.

Thalia is a good cook, a better seamstress, and a fine weaver, making woolen clothing, shirts, pants, and stockings, as well as capes, sweaters, and mittens. She generally wears a simple peasant dress of white, blue, or off-white, occasionally pink or yellow, and all elaborately embroidered. She has two fine dresses that she wears to folk dances and other social occasions.

Thalia is 5'4" tall, 115 svelte pounds, and she wears her black hair loose or in two long, ribboned and flowered braids. She looks far younger than her 27 years, because of her slenderness and delicacy.

Thalia is connected to the neighborhood wives' grapevine, being one of those women who likes to visit with the other women at home. She loves to have little parties with four to six women, serving weak wine and honey-cakes. She is gracious to travelers and will feed them and put them up for a night just to hear their stories—especially if they are having work done at the smithy.

Galatea Smith (F0): THAC0 20; Dmg 1d2 fist; AC 10; hp 4; AL LN
S 5, D 14, C 5, I 15, W 9, Ch 12
Weapon Proficiencies: Thrown stones
Non-weapon proficiencies: Common, dwarf (7), bookkeeping (10), read/write common (10), weaving (11)

Galatea is Adam and Thalia Smith's 12-year-old daughter, crippled by a disease when she was four. She is pretty, having her mother's blue eyes and black hair, which she wears to the middle of her

back. She cannot walk, and she has a weak constitution and falls ill easily.

Adam has made her a wheeled chair with a little desk top, and she can get around fairly well with this. She has learned to knit and weave from her mother. Her father, seeing that she was bright, has been sending her to school, where she excels at math and bookkeeping.

Galatea loves horses, and after school each day a family friend takes her to the blacksmith shop, where she does the bookkeeping with her father and visits with the horses. Galatea knows Adam worries a great deal about her, and she wishes she were big and strong like Aunt Eve so she could ride horses and not worry her father. She has a kind heart and is very concerned about Aunt Eve's emotional decline, pining away for the missing Owen. If she were healthy, Galatea would search for him herself.

Hector Smith (M0): THAC0 20; Dmg 1d3 knife; AC 8; hp 6; AL NG
S 12, D 16, C 15, I 10, W 8, Ch 14, Cm 11
Weapon Proficiencies: Knife
Non-weapon proficiencies: Common, swimming (14), read/write common (13)

Hector is the Smith's 8-year-old daydreamer. Though his body is often in the smithy with his sister, his mind is hundreds of miles away. He dreams of being an adventurer who slays dragons and rescues princesses. And he has every confidence that his dreams will come true. He idolizes the Smith's adventuresome customers, and listens to their tales. He also reads all manner of tomes about the wilderness and fighting; the books are usually loaned to him by various customers.

Buck the Mastiff (war dog): THAC0 20; Dmg 1d2; AC 8 steel cap, chain mail; HD 1+1; hp 7; AL N; INT animal; ML 14

Buck is 30" at the shoulder and weights 185 pounds—so big that Galatea and her younger brother, Hector, used to ride him when they were younger.

His coat is a light grey with darker markings. Buck is three years old. He walks to the blacksmith shop in the morning with Adam and Eve, spends the morning outside under the overhang, returns to the house after lunch, and stays there until Galatea comes home from school.

Then he accompanies the girl back to the shop, where he stays in the cool of a great chestnut tree that stands near the front corner of the lot, near the fountain. Because of the noise and heat of the forge, you will not usually find Buck inside the shop, except on very cold days.

Norge's Horses

If you cross Iron Bell Street from the Iron Bull Blacksmith Shop, you'll see Norge Greenbank's Horses, which runs two blocks fronting Iron Bell Street and more than two blocks deep back from the road. You will see a sturdy split-rail fence running all along the road with a gate directly opposite the point where Anvil Alley intersects Iron Bell Street.

Hanging over the gateway is a black and white sign with a bas-relief carving of a black horse with a white star on its forehead, below it, in block letters, "HORSES." Nothing more than the sign is needed to advertise this large, well-run business, though there is the perpetual smell of horses, hay, straw, oats, barley, alfalfa, and—watch your step, folks—manure.

As you go through the gate and follow the path, you see a large oval "show ring" to your left, the big red barn straight ahead, and the office to your right. The show ring is parallel to the road, about 300 feet long, and 150 feet wide. The ring is enclosed by a white-washed post and sawn-railing fence. It is used for showing off the various horses for sale or rent. Customers are permitted and even encouraged to try out their prospective mounts here.

To your right, there is a rectangular brick office building, about 30 feet by 20 feet. This is where Norge Greenbanks himself hangs out for part of the day. You are likely to find him with a foot up on a fence rail and a pint of stout raised in his hairy hand as he talks to a customer. Or you might spot him back in the barn, stables, or corrals, supervising his 20 or so employees.

The office is a fairly spartan room with a desk at one end for Norge, piled high with bills and receipts, and another desk for his bookkeeper, Samuel, also piled high with papers, the journal, and the ledger. There are four chairs, each with black or wine-colored leather, stuffed backs, and seats. Behind Norge's desk is a shelf with books of pedigrees and lineages for his breeding stock: horses, donkeys, mules, and oxen. (The mules and oxen produce no offspring, but their parents' and siblings' bloodlines can be important.)

Hanging from the ceiling by a chain is a wagon-wheel chandelier with six candles. The room has only a single door and three windows, but there is no window behind Norge's desk. There are

illustration by Chris Deegan

Norge's Horses & Livery

Animals	For Sale	For Rent	
		Week	Month
Riding Horse (palfrey)	75 gp	1 gp	5 gp
Light Warhorse	150 gp	3 gp	10 gp
Medium Warhorse	225 gp	4 gp	15 gp
Heavy Warhorse	400 gp	8 gp	17 gp
Draft Horse	200 gp	4 gp	13 gp
Donkey	8 gp	2 sp	5 sp
Mule	12 gp	3 sp	7 sp
Ox	15 gp	2 sp	1 gp
Pony	30 gp	5 sp	2 gp
Harnesses and Tack			
Bit & Bridle	2 gp	5 cp	2 sp
Cart Harness	15 gp	3 sp	1 gp
Wagon Harness	20 gp	4 sp	1 gp
Halter	5 gp	1 sp	4 sp
Saddle			
Pack	5 gp	1 sp	4 sp
Riding	10 gp	3 sp	8 sp
Fancy	20 gp	6 sp	1 gp
Saddle Bags			
Large	4 gp	6 cp	2 sp
Small	3 gp	4 cp	1 sp
Saddle Blanket	3 gp	2 sp	8 sp
Yoke (ox)	3 gp	4 cp	1 sp
Collar (horse)	5 gp	1 sp	4 sp
Wagons & Carts			
Dog Cart	50 gp	1 gp	4 gp
Common carriage	150 gp	4 gp	10 gp
Small carriage	100 gp	2 gp	7 gp
Wagon	120 gp	3 gp	8 gp
Cart	60 gp	1 gp	4 gp

several pen and ink drawings of famous stallions and mares on the walls, one harness (reins attached), and a military-style saddle and sabre and scabbard.

Behind the brick office looms the wooden barn, kept bright red and billed as "the largest barn in Ravens Bluff." Norge's other barn, outside the city limits, is a little bigger. The roof of the city barn is gambrel-style with broad over-hangs. The two buildings on either side of it are stables, generally for rental horses or for horses being lodged overnight.

The outside walls of the barn are made of vertical planking, and the floors of the first and second story and loft are sturdy planking laid widthwise across the joists. The planking for the second floor and loft are heavier than those of the ground floor below. The foundations of the barn are of stone about three feet above the ground, leaving a crawlspace beneath. Norge has found that earthen-floored barns are harder to keep clean, are colder in winter, and are subject to dampness that rots wood and can be bad for horses' hooves. There are large windows in the walls, one for every other stall. There is no glass in them, but there are shutters to close them up in the winter. Although the earth has been raised around the doors, there are wooden ramps leading down to ground level from each door.

The inside of the barn is striking simply because of the size of everything in it. Other than a warehouse at the port, this is the largest wooden building most folks will ever see. The main upright beams are twelve inches square; the crossbeams running side-to-side are six to eight inches square. Even the joists supporting the second floor and the loft are 4" by 6" square. There are easily 40 stalls, plus the tack and harness room behind the barn on the ground floor. The hired hands live on the second floor among the bales of hay and straw, which are lifted up there by pulleys slung from beams above doors high above the ground. Up above is another loft, open in the middle, where the finer horse fodder is kept: oats, barley, and alfalfa. During the day, the barn is filled with workers, customers, and horses. At night the hired hands enjoy cards or simple board games, playing flutes, lutes, or concertinas.

The tack and harness room is attached to the back of the barn. This is basically a sturdy wooden stronghouse, because much of the equipment here is bought brand-new from Norge's friend, Chad Leatherman, the harness-maker down the road. The things normally kept here include bridles, halters, reins, saddles, cinches, stirrups, harnesses for several types of common wagons and carts, bits, leads, and traces. There is also a stack of brand-new saddle blankets, riding crops, and bullwhips for oxen, and enough horse collars and ox bows to pull a handful of carts and wagons. Norge sells these at retail as a convenience to his customers, not to compete with Chad. The tack and harness room is made of wooden beams and planks and is accessible only through a heavy, padlocked door from the barn.

The stables are much smaller. Each includes a low loft and has 20 stalls, 10 on each side of a central aisle. At one end is a small tack room for the rental tack. Each stall has a water trough and saddles for drawing or riding these animals. Norge hires out a variety of wagons, flatbeds, buckboards, and something resembling a small conostoga wagon with a cloth top, dog carts, surreys, hacks, chaises, and other lightweight coaches. These vehicles are kept in a coach house near the east stable. Norge does not rent out fancy coaches—that is another line of business. Norge merely keeps one or two of the larger coaches and two or three of the smaller wagons and carts on hand.

Norge's place is the center of a network of businesses that depend on each other. These include the saddlemakers, harness-makers, cartwrights, carriage-makers, horsebreeders (Norge is the past guildmaster of the Horseman's Guild), feed farmers, blacksmiths, and peripheral trades like the tanners, who sell their finished hides to the leatherworkers. Norge hires stable hands, grooms, animal trainers, and horsemen on a regular basis. No one who is cruel to animals will ever get a second chance with him.

Norge Greenbanks (F8): THAC0 13; Dmg by weapon; AC 4, 5 rear; hps 52; AL NG; MI *mace of disruption*
S 13, D 13, C 14, I 14, W 15, Ch 16
Weapon Proficiencies: Cavalry saber, lance, mace, bullwhip, hand axe, dagger
Non-weapon proficiencies: Common, elf (14), halfling 14), appraisal (17), animal handling (17), riding, land-based (horse) (18), bargaining (17), reading/writing (13), story-telling (13)

Strange as it may seem, this short, furry-footed, cheerful halfling is a former cavalry officer of some 30 years' service. He attained the rank of lieutenant colonel with a formidable reputation before being severely wounded in a dangerous night encounter with gnoll raiders. He still bears the scars on his upper left chest and right shoulder. After recuperating, he decided he preferred horse trading to miltary life and retired with honors and a generous pension. He had all kinds of adventures in the military, but what lead him to a

cavalry career in the first place was a year of freebooting adventures on horseback in the treacherous highlands.

Norge is arguably "the most sociable man in Ravens Bluff." He is 3'9" tall, weighs 64 pounds, and looks portly. He appears to be about 54 years old (actually 72). He has short, curly, light brown hair, twinkling brown eyes, and a ruddy complexion. He is bearded, but he keeps his upper lip clean shaven.

He is a consummate salesman and delights in matching his customers to the right animals. He will not deal a second time with customers who are cruel to his animals, and he frequently takes abusive horsemen or drivers to court to be heavily fined or jailed.

Norge is the past guildmaster of the Horseman's Guild, and during his four-year term, he succeeded in gathering under its roof (literally, in the Guildhall) the Blacksmith's Guild, the Sadddle-maker's and Harness-maker's Guild (two small, relatively weak guilds), to increase their collective power in the city. A dapper dresser when in attendance at the various political or social functions in the evenings, Norge prefers practical clothes and comfortable boots, looking rather like a modest country squire. (While halflings prefer to go barefoot, this is not adviseable around horses!) He loves beer and wine equally, occasionally visiting a pub in the evening for entertainment and to tell his own richly-embroidered stories.

Norge has a wife, Spira, and twin teenage daughters, Mira and Marmara, along with three younger children. Among his key employees are Ryder and Hoss, his animal trainers and "broncobusters," his bookkeeper, Samuel, his secretary, Charlet, and a "show rider" who shows off the best riding and jumping horses in the fairs of the district: "Queenie" Wheeler.

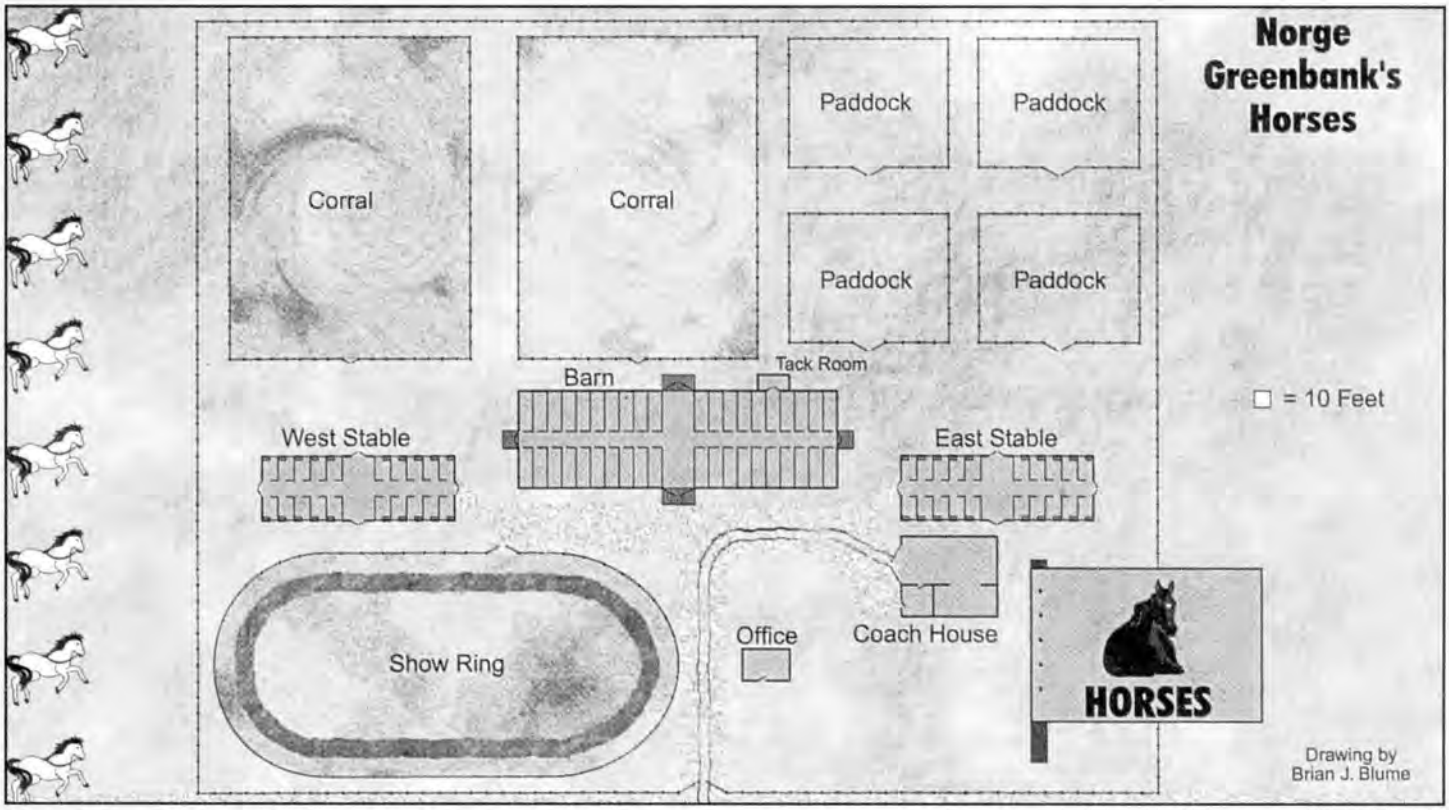
Russ Ryder (F4): THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; AC 5; hp 25; MV 12; ML 14; AL LG
S 15, D 14, C 18, I 13, W 10, Ch 13
Weapon Proficiencies: Long sword, lance, dagger, mace, short whip
Non-weapon proficiencies: Common, animal handling (16) horseback riding (17), leadership (12) tracking (15)
Equipment: chain mail, long sword, short whip, dagger

Ryder—for no one calls him anything else except when Hoss or Norge need to calm him down—is an expert horseman and animal trainer. He and Hoss are the ones that Norge employes full-time to break in and train his raw stock. Ryder is better with horses, and Hoss is better with donkeys, mules, and oxen.

Ryder is 5'9", wiry, lean as a bullwhip, and tough. He has a weather-beaten face with cold blue eyes, sandy hair, and a bushy mustache. He's been thrown and stepped on a few times and has the scars to prove it. One scar is on his left thigh, another on his forehead, a broken and healed fracture of his left ankle, and another of his right forearm. These wounds are all well-healed, though, for Norge takes care of his people.

Charlie "Hoss" Brooks (F3): THAC0 18; Dmg 1d8; AC 6, 5 chain; hp 20; MV 9; AL LG
S 18, D 12, C 18, I 9 W 10, Ch 12
Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger, long sword, mace
Nonweapon Proficiencies: Common, animal handling (16), animal training (16), horseback riding (16), wilderness survival (13)

"Hoss" is so called because of his size: He is 6'4" tall and 260 pounds of massive flesh. Although he seems as though he'd crush the average horse, he's actually a graceful rider. He and Ryder have become almost inseparable companions since they began to work for Norge some 10 years ago. Ryder is 32 while Hoss is 30,



Iron Bull Blacksmithy

Goods and Services	Cost
Horseshoes/Shoeing	1 gold
Chain (per 10')	
Heavy	4 gold
Light	3 gold
Fine	2 gp
Crampons	4 gold
Grappling Hook	1 silver
Iron Pots	
Large (3 gallons)	1 gold
Small (1 gallon)	7 silver
Iron Rings	5 silver
Nails (per pound)	4 silver
Pitons (per pound)	8 silver
Spikes (per pound)	8 silver
Axe, Adze, Hatchet	4 gold
Billhook, pichfork	5 gold
Crowbar, iron bar, pick	6 gold
Handknife/serving fork	5 silver
Handsaw	1 gold
Treesaw	3 gold
Hoe, shovel, spade	8 gold
Pick axe	10 gold
Pincers, pliers	1 gold
Rake	8 gold
Hinges, handles, hasps	2 gold
Hammer/Chise	l4 gold
Vice	15 gold

and Ryder is the usual leader of the pair.

A big, gentle bear of a man, hoss is slow to anger and quick to help a friend. He's not real quick on his feet, but brother, you'd better not be there when he gets into a fight! He has soft brown eyes and dark brown hair. He works with horses as well, but his specialties are the donkeys, mules, and oxen. He's a corporal in the city guard cavalry and Ryder's right-hand man with the troops.

Wendolyn "Queenie" Wheeler (T4): THAC0 19; Dmg 1d3 knife; AC 8; hp 13; MV 12; ML 12; AL N; MI *belt of feather falling* (as the ring), *tallin's tightrope*
S 11, D 16, C 11, I 15, W 12, Ch 12
Weapon Proficiencies: blackjack, bolo, short bow, throwing knife
Nonweapon Proficiencies: Common, animal handling (14), dancing (15), Elvish (15), flute playing (13), horseback riding (17), rope use (14)
Thief Skills: pick pockets (25%), open locks (35%), find/remove traps (25%), move silently (30%), hide in shadows (45%), detect noises (35%), climb walls (70%), read languages (30%)

"Queenie" Wheeler is a diminuative stunt rider who specializes in steeplechase races, jumping contests, and acrobatic tricks on horseback. Of elfin size and appearance, she is actually completely human at 23 years of age. Standing only 4'11" tall and weighing 95 pounds, Queenie has curly black hair and dark brown eyes.

Until about three years ago, Queenie was a thief. When her racing and stunt-riding earnings exceeded her thieving income, she chose to "go straight." Now she steals only when she hasn't enough money for something she absolutely must have.

Adventure Hooks

The Great Cross-Country Race

Ravens Bluff has an annual cross-country horse race, four miles to the nearest town and back for an eight-mile round-trip. The grand prize is a staggering 2,500 gold pieces, so the competition is considerable to say the least. The heroes hear of the competition and might enter or perhaps only bet on the racers.

The heroes might buy a fast horse from Norge—or they may be hired to recover a stolen horse (which has been disguised with paint to appear as a different beast).

If any PCs enter the contest, they could become targets of sabotage—or perhaps framed for the killing of a competitor or an opponent's steed. Adam and Eve Smith may prove useful in making last-minute repairs to horse shoes, tack and harness, or gear.

After the race, the heroes might find themselves part of a posse intent on discovering who stole the prize purse. The possibilities for intrigue and interaction with the non-player characters above are nearly endless in this scenario.

To the Rescue

During a rainstorm, a man on horseback rides into Norge's Horses to stable his mount. Ryder unsaddles the horse and calls for the grooms, but not before he recognizes a scar on the horse's leg—and realizes this is the mount that belonged to Owen Hightower, Eve's lost fiance.

Searching the sopping wet saddlebags, Ryder finds a tattered note, which he cannot read. Rushing it over to Norge's office, Ryder gives the note to Charlet, who makes out the tattered and rain streaked words:

Dearest Eve,

If you ever read this letter, help me! I am being held captive by a powerful and evil wizard in a tower deep in a valley of the Smoke Mountains. Take the right fork after leaving Waycross. Continue across the bridge over Harrel's Brook. Do not take the turn to Spruce Valley. Beware of goblins and kobolds in the forest near Crossing Creek.

Hurry! The wizard is making plans to turn me into a monster! Bring a powerful wizard and some fighters to help.

Love,

Owen

est Eve,

If you ad this lette elp m eing held cap ful and e ard in a tower of the Smo ains. Take the ght fork after leaving ross. Contin bridge over Har rook. Do not take the turn to alley. Beware of olds in the forest near Cross ek.

Hurry! The wizard ans to tu o a monster! Bring a pow d and so s to help.

l v ,

Ow n

Norge has his secretary make a copy of the readable parts of the letter and dispatches Ryder with the copy to Smith's house. Before Ryder and Eve can return, however, the horse is gone, along with the original note.

Questioning the stable hands reveals that the stranger lingered in the yard as Ryder rushed the note to Charlet. He must have been frightened away by the activity, grabbing the nearest saddle, tack, and harness in his haste to escape.

The heroes may be enlisted to track down the stranger, or to follow the clues in Owen's letter. On the way to finding Owen, the heroes should discover the obstacles the letter warns of, including goblins, kobolds, and a wizard's tower.

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Weasel Games

More Weasels in Role-Playing

by Lester Smith

In last month's column, I turned from my usual discussion of weasel play in board games and the like, to consider the issue of weasely role-playing. I mentioned that the "me first," "dog-eat-dog," "winner-take-all" attitude necessary for winning at competitive board games just do not travel well to role-playing—at least in group sessions. And I gave a few examples of destructive results I have seen over the years.

But used in moderation, and given the right group of players, a little bit of weasel in a PC or two, or even in some of the players themselves, can actually enhance a role-playing campaign, allowing the development of stories that wouldn't have happened otherwise.

The All-Too-Common Thief

Countless role-playing groups have at one time or another faced the predicament of dealing with a thief PC who has stolen an item from a companion. It is often spurred, at least in part, by the thief's desire to get even with fighter characters who boast, "Stand aside, little one, and let a real man face this monster." Typically, when the theft is discovered, hard feelings arise: The player of the victim feels hurt and angry at this betrayal of confidence, yet the player of the thief argues that the action was simply a case of acting in character.

The solution, I think, lies in getting past the disjointedness of that conflict—in role-playing the situation at character level rather than arguing it at player level. The player of the victim has every right to feel distressed, certainly the character should. But the thief PC would hardly seek to justify his actions as in keeping with his nature, as his player is doing. Rather, he would either be taking to his heels—leaving the adventure party forever—or he would be apologizing profusely, offering to make amends, and promising never to do such a thing again, in hopes of salvaging his relations with the group. In either case, there should be no hard feelings remaining between players. If the thief leaves, his player loses further opportunity to play that character, a not inconsequential loss. And if he apologizes, it is a wonderful opportunity for character development and the making of inter-PC ties.

The Example of Literature

It shouldn't be surprising that this sort of thief-versus-party friction arises fairly often in role-playing groups. After all, role-playing springs naturally from fantasy fiction—as a matter of fact, RPGs typically explain themselves as an opportunity to play the sort of action found in novels, but with the ability to affect the course of the story, rather than passively "going along for the ride." And fantasy fiction is rife with this sort of conflict among major characters.

Consider the example of Bilbo versus Thorin Oakenshield in Tolkein's *The Hobbit*. While visiting Smaug's lair for the second time, Bilbo finds the Arkenstone and decides—without consulting the dwarves, who consider this their most sacred artifact—that it shall serve as his share of the treasure rescued from the dragon. When Thorin finds out what Bilbo has done, he threatens to kill him, and a great deal of the drama in the latter part of the novel involves the resulting schism between the two.

Nor are Leiber's prototypical thieves Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser strangers to this sort of conflict, having fallen out various times in their careers, only to resolve their differences and draw all the more closely together.

Tasselhoff of the DRAGONLANCE® series serves as another example for player characters to follow, "lifting" items from friend and foe alike, only to reveal his possession at a dramatic moment, with a lame excuse such as that he was only holding it in safe-keeping for the original owner, who had "dropped" it.

An Example from Role-Playing

While playing *The Fantasy Trip* RPG some years ago, I designed a small but clever thief character, and a friend designed a large but rather thick-headed fighter. The GM introduced the two to each other by having the fighter set upon by alley-bashers in the thief's home town, knowing that the thief hated robbery by force. Seeing the fighter outnumbered, the thief joined the fight, striking the thugs by surprise out of the darkness. With the odds thus changed, the thugs were defeated, though the fighter was seriously injured in the battle. The thief helped him to an inn and called a physicker, grandiosely paying for all the expense, but secretly lifting the fighter's purse by way of recompense, convinced that the dullard would not notice until he was long gone.

Unfortunately, my friend got lucky with a roll versus his fighter's IQ, so his character noticed the theft even as my thief was cutting the purse strings. Suddenly, I was faced with the ticklish situation of having to deal with an offended friend at one level, and an angry fighter on another. Rather than argue at player level, I continued role-playing the situation.

It seemed to me, that with the fighter's iron grip on his wrist, my thief would be both humbled and impressed. Apparently, this stranger wasn't as dumb as he seemed. It was time for hasty apologies and some begging for forgiveness (i.e., mercy), coupled with offers to make reparations and then some. In the end, my character paid for the room and all medical expenses during the fighter's convalescence, and of course a new purse. More importantly, he gained a real respect for the fighter, and the two became fast friends. A bond had been forged that would not have been as dramatic if the two characters had begun play as companions.

Of course, that happy resolution depended just as much on my friend's willingness to forgive as mine to backpedal.

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An Invitation

If you find the subject of weasel games interesting, drop me a line and say so. I would love to learn what you think is the most useful weasel tactic, and I'd like to read about a particularly apt example of weasel play from your own experience.

Prophets of the Dark Side

Villains for the *Star Wars*: New Republic Campaign, Part One

by Bill Slavicsek and Michele Carter

"Tell us a story, Mama!" Jaina pleaded, sitting up in her bed by the window before Leia could switch off the light.

"Yes, Mama, a story!" Jacen agreed, adding his voice to his sister's from his bed on the other side of the room.

"All right, little ones," Leia said gently. "I'll tell you a story. But just one, and then it's time to sleep."

"Tell us about how you and Uncle Luke blowed up the Death Star," Jacen called, because that was one of his favorites.

"No, I wanna hear about how Daddy proposed you," Jaina said, asking for the story of how Han the rogue asked Leia the princess to marry him.

"Wanna hear diff'nt story!" little Anakin demanded after his older brother and sister had their say. He stood up in the crib near the door, balancing in that way that always made C-3PO nervous. "Wanna hear about bad Kadann and nasty Jedgar!"

Leia frowned. Her youngest child had a fascination with villains, but neither Han nor Luke considered it a problem. The twins' antics wiped away her frown and made her smile.

"Yes!" cried Jaina, jumping on her bed.

"Yes!" agreed Jacen, swinging his wookiee doll by its big, hairy foot.

"Yes!" the twins shouted in unison, "tell us about Kadann and Jedgar and the Prophets of the Dark Side!"

"All right, little ones, settle down," Leia said soothingly. "I'll tell you the story again." But I'll leave out the worst parts, she added to herself, and I'll hide the truth in the cloak of fantasy. Some monsters, after all, are too terrible for even the bravest children.

Prophets of the Dark Side: Hoax or Horror?

The Prophets of the Dark Side were introduced in the *Star Wars* young-adult novels written by Paul and Hollace Davids and published by Bantam Skylark Books in 1992 and 1993. The members of this secretive organization were supposedly very active in the months right after the Battle of Endor and the death of Emperor Palpatine. According to the six-part series, the Prophets tried to hold the Empire together through threats, mystery, and military force. They turned out to be fake mystics in the end, nothing more or less than the Emperor's private spy organization looking to gain power in the vacuum left by Palpatine's demise.

Like so many things in the Bantam series, the Prophets wind up losing whatever bite they had through the simplification of the tale made necessary by the target audience. We like to think of the books as stories of the *Star Wars* galaxy told from a child's point of view. Or, more specifically, told by an adult to a child, as with Princess Leia telling a story based on a true event to her children. In this way, many of the elements of the books become imaginary tales based on terrifying facts.

Here, then, are the true Prophets of the Dark Side, stripped of the fantasy of a child's bedtime story and presented as villains in any *Star Wars*: The New Republic roleplaying game campaign.

The Real Dark Side Prophets

Since the fall of the Empire and the rise of the New Republic, it has become known that Emperor Palpatine had a small number of Dark Side advisers and adepts serving him. Many have even heard the rumors that the Emperor himself used the Dark Side of the Force to enhance the efforts of his great military machine, though few have completely accepted these rumors.

During the height of the Empire, however, the Emperor's ties to the Force were kept secret from even his most-trusted mundane advisers. Only Lord Darth Vader paraded his belief and skills in the Force for all to see. The rest, including the Emperor himself, maintained an illusion of normalcy for the masses. In fact, the Emperor made a great effort to discredit and persecute those who followed or believed in the ways of the Force and its champions of light, the Jedi Knights. This campaign was so successful that by the time of *Star Wars IV: A New Hope*, most of the galaxy thought as Han Solo did, that the Force was just an old, hokey religion. The military leaders aboard the first Death Star called Vader's methods "sorcerer's ways," and looked upon his beliefs as a "sad devotion to that ancient religion." Even Grand Moff Tarkin proclaimed about the Jedi that "their fire has gone out of the galaxy." He added, "You, my friend, are all that's left of their religion."

This was the public perception, carefully manipulated by the Emperor and his servants. The reality was that the Emperor gained his powers from the Dark Side of the Force. Among his secret cadre were his students, called the Dark Side adepts, and a shadowy organization whose members were known as the Prophets of the Dark Side. Of these Prophets, the greatest were the Supreme Prophet Kadann and the High Prophet Jedgar.

The Prophets of the Dark Side stayed in the shadows in the years before the Battle of Endor. When they were seen in the Emperor's presence, they appeared to be some innocuous part of Palpatine's ever-present entourage. They weren't the Emperor's servants, for they claimed to take their orders directly from the Force. However, they recognized Palpatine's power and never openly challenged his authority or commands. The Prophets regularly looked into the Dark Side and came back with pronouncements on current situations or the future.

It is said that the Supreme Prophet warned Palpatine about the strength of Luke Skywalker and the eventual betrayal of the Emperor by Darth Vader. Kadann even went so far as to tell Palpatine that Endor's Moon would become his grave. "While you have seen victory," Kadann proclaimed, "the future is always in motion. There are many outcomes, and I have been shown the one most likely to occur. I have seen the end of the Empire, and the death of the Emperor."

Palpatine was furious. "Do you think I have not seen such an event?" he raged, letting the fires of the Dark Side engulf him. "Of course I have seen that vision, but I refuse to allow it to happen." After that, Kadann began to distance himself

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from the Emperor so as not to get caught up in the storm he saw building. Though he wasn't at Endor when the storm struck, Kadann felt the Emperor's death, heard his death cry in the fabric of the Force. And that's when Kadann realized that the time for secrecy had come to an end.

A New Religion?

In the wake of the defeat at the Battle of Endor, the Empire was in disarray. There was no clear leader to rally around, no set cause to cling to. The people knew the Emperor was dead and the military and civil leaders were fighting over who was in charge. Moffs began to break their star systems off from the dying Empire, forming new governments with themselves in command. Captains took their ships and crews and became pirates or warlords.

Admirals with whole fleets proclaimed themselves the new Emperors, while the general public suffered, panicked, and looked for someone to tell them what to do. As the rumors about the Emperor spread, and more and more Imperial citizens faced the fact that Palpatine had used them, lied to them, and manipulated them to his benefit, a new voice cried out of the chaos—the voice of the Prophets of the Dark Side.

On Coruscant, in Imperial City, the first Church of the Dark Side opened its doors and called for the confused masses to come into its embrace. "We are the true heirs to the Emperor's legacy," the Supreme Prophet declared, "for we share his power and his majesty, and we know all through the power of the Force."

Not everyone liked what the Prophets fed to the masses, but few could deny the void they filled. The Empire lost cohesion with the death of its leader, and Kadann and his followers returned a portion of that order to those who wanted it. And a multitude wanted it.

Unlike the adepts who were training under the Emperor's watchful eye, the Prophets of the Dark Side were an independent group who came to their abilities through other means. Some believe that Palpatine was a member of this ancient organization long before he ascended to the Imperial throne, but this has never been confirmed.

It does seem clear that Palpatine knew of the Prophets from the beginning (or close to it), for he never persecuted or hunted them down like he did the Jedi Knights and other Force users. Instead, the Emperor formed an unholy alliance of sorts with the Prophets, working with them in those areas where their interests coincided. Both seemed content to exist alongside each other, though it can be assumed that both thought they were getting the other to do exactly what they wanted. Such is the way of the Dark Side and those who call upon it.

In their robes full of stars and with the Dark Side pulsing around them, the Prophets built a religion around the memory of the Emperor.

They looked into the Force and proclaimed a future of victories against the enemies of the Empire, the destruction of the New Republic, a time of peace and plenty, and even the eventual rebirth of the Emperor. For a time, this religion held the fraying Empire together, and Kadann proclaimed himself Emperor in Palpatine's absence. (According to the *Dark Empire* comic book series, Palpatine returns in a clone body five years after the Battle of Endor.) The Grand Admirals, Moffs, and other military leaders won't allow this theocracy of Kadann's to last, but until it collapses it proves to be a deadly enemy of the Republic.

The Prophets in Play

Whether preaching the hateful tenets of the Dark Side from the pulpits of the church in Imperial City, or plotting galactic conquests from their cube-shaped space station *Scardia,* or sowing the seeds of fear, anger, and aggression on a thousand-thousand worlds, the Prophets of the Dark Side play a significant role in galactic events for about one year following the death of the Emperor. Of course, in your Star Wars campaign, they can play whatever role you choose.

While each Prophet has his own agenda, the group as a whole has a plan it follows. Namely, the Prophets work to keep the Empire intact while bringing more people into the grasp of the Dark Side. In a *Star Wars* campaign, a minor Prophet can be the villain behind some insidious plot that the PCs get caught up in. These Dark Side users make excellent foes for Jedi Knights and other users of the Force's light side. Some Prophets work alongside Imperial warlords or military leaders. Others run the show on a particular world or spearhead a major plot against the Republic.

We describe three Prophets of the Dark Side for you to use in your *Star Wars* campaign. Two of them (Kadann and Jedgar) are from the *Star Wars* young-adults books, while one was created specifically for this article. Feel free to create more of these Dark Side users to populate your version of the *Star Wars* galaxy.

Kadann, the Supreme Prophet

Template Type: Supreme Prophet of the Dark Side
Loyalty: To himself
Height: 1.3 meters
Species: Human?
Homeworld: Unknown
Age: Unknown (appears to be 40+ Standard Years)

DEXTERITY 2D+2
Dodge 4D+2

KNOWLEDGE 4D+1
Alien species 6D+1, cultures 6D, intimidation 5D+2, languages 5D+1, planetary systems 6D+1, scholar: Force lore 8D, scholar: Jedi lore 7D+1, willpower 7D+2

MECHANICAL 2D
Beast riding 2D+2, repulsorlift operation 3D

PERCEPTION 4D
Bargain 6D, command 6D+1, investigation 5D, persuasion 7D+1, search 5D+1

STRENGTH 2D+1
Stamina 4D

TECHNICAL 2D+2
Computer programming/repair 5D+2

Force Sensitive?: Yes
Force Points: 3
Dark Side Points: 4
Character Points: 12
Move: 7
Equipment: None; Kadann prefers not to rely on material things
Force Skills: Control 11D, Sense 13D+2, Alter 10D

Quote: *"Dark and Light are illusions. There is only power and the will to use it—and the wisdom to use it appropriately."*

Description: Kadann appears to be a human dwarf with black hair and a beard streaked with grey. He wears the star-covered robes of the Prophets of the Dark Side. While neat, Kadann doesn't fuss over his appearance. He always seems to be in complete control of himself and any given situation.

When did Kadann come into his powers? When did he join the Prophets of the Dark Side or rise to lead them? The answers to these questions are lost to history. What is known is that he was a long-time adviser to Emperor Palpatine, always providing his opinions from the safe distance of neutrality. "I serve the Dark Side," Kadann once said, "and right now the Dark Side is firmly tied to the Emperor." That typified the Supreme Prophet's position. He cooperated with Palpatine because the Dark Side cooperated with him. He never considered himself to be a servant.

Passing on the visions the Dark Side offered him, Kadann long ago warned the Emperor about the potential of a young boy named Luke Skywalker. Later, after the first Death Star was destroyed, Kadann offered another prophecy concerning the Rebellion's newest warrior. "He will destroy you," the Supreme Prophet predicted. Palpatine, however, was too arrogant and sure of his own visions to listen to the words of the Dark Side's primary Prophet. Kadann decided that day the Dark Side had chosen the wrong champion; that Palpatine would die, a victim of his own ego. As the days passed and the Battle of Endor drew closer, Kadann began to disassociate himself from the Emperor so as not to be on hand when the end finally arrived. "Better to serve the Dark Side from a distance than to be close to the explosion to come," the Supreme Prophet decided.

When the Emperor died and the Empire began to unravel, Kadann stepped forward to try to keep the government together. He revealed the existence of the Prophets of the Dark Side, something that no Supreme Prophet had done before. Once he started to give the people of the Empire what they wanted—namely direction and purpose the likes of which Palpatine once provided—he declared himself Emperor and set out to regain the glory that was lost for the Dark Side.

Kadann is an enigma. He is currently the most powerful Force-user around, outstripping even Luke Skywalker. Indeed, Kadann's abilities come close to equaling the Emperor at the height of his power. He doesn't flaunt his power, however. He presents himself as courteous and even friendly to other Force users. He is always calm, reserved, and thoughtful. The Dark Side is strong in him, but unlike Vader or the Emperor, Kadann doesn't allow it to rule his actions. He can be ruthless, but he prefers to have others act for him. He manipulates events through his pawns, other Force users, and sometimes even the PCs.

Kadann isn't a villain to be fought, but rather an opponent to be out-maneuvered. He rarely even puts on a display of power, and never stoops to using Force lightning the way the Emperor did. He could destroy those who oppose him in an instant, but usually simply leaves if violence is used against him. His goals and motivations are unknown, but they seem much more complicated than those of villains like the Emperor and Vader. In fact, Kadann has been known to express the belief that the Light must be preserved, as well as the

illustration by Rob Gee

Dark. "One cannot exist without the other," he has said on more than one occasion.

Still, don't confuse this behavior with weakness. The PCs do not want to make an enemy out of Kadann. He is very, very old (though he appears to be in his late 40s) and has the patience to wait years, even decades, to see his plans unfold.

Adventure Hooks: The PCs will likely encounter Kadann by accident or because he has decided to seek them out. They might stumble onto one of his plots or unknowingly commit some action that hinders one of his goals. If the PCs meet Kadann face-to-face, he'll be polite (if a bit condescending), especially to other Force users. He offers to train any Force users, but makes a firm point of not trying to seduce them to the Dark Side. Whatever side of the Force they learn to wield can be used to aid him, so there's no reason for him to make PCs wary.

Kadann's current activities center around his bid to win over the entire Empire to his rulership. While he works to bring all of the military and civilian leaders into his camp, he's also sent his lowest-level Prophets to spread the word among the people of the galaxy—there is a place for Force sensitives in Kadann's Empire.

The Supreme Prophet has established an academy to provide training for those beings the Empire once hunted to near-extinction. Kadann wants to offer those with the ability to sense and manipulate the Force an alternative to the Republic while providing himself with a method for sifting through the chaff for the best and most easily swayed.

Jedgar, the High Prophet

Template Type: High Prophet of the Dark Side
Loyalty: To himself
Height: 2.3 meters
Species: Human
Homeworld: Unknown
Age: 40 Standard Years

DEXTERITY 3D+1
Dodge 6D, lightsaber 5D+2, melee combat 4D+1, melee parry 5D+1

KNOWLEDGE 3D
Alien species 3D+1, cultures 4D, intimidation 5D, languages 4D+1, willpower 5D+2

MECHANICAL 2D+1
Beast riding 3D+2, repulsorlift operation 3D+2

PERCEPTION 3D+1
Bargain 4D+1, command 4D+2, persuasion 4D+1, search 3D+2

STRENGTH 3D
Climbing/jumping 4D, stamina 4D+2

TECHNICAL 3D
Lightsaber repair 4D+1, security 4D+2

Force Sensitive?: Yes
Force Points: 2
Dark Side Points: 5
Character Points: 8
Move: 10
Equipment: Lightsaber (5D damage), lightsaber tool kit
Force Skills: Control 8D, Sense 7D, Alter 7D

Quote: *"You insignificant mynock! You are nothing to a master of the Dark Side!"*

Description: Jedgar is an extremely tall, thin human with a bald head, bearded chin, and hooded eyes. Like other Prophets, he dresses in the black, star-covered robes that look like they've been spun from a piece of deep space. He carries a lightsaber, and he never hesitates to use it.

The most ambitious of the Prophets, Jedgar wants power. Unlike Kadann, he wants power now and isn't content to wait for it. The High Prophet (second in charge of the Prophets of the Dark Side) is an archetypical Dark Force user. Any method or plan that gets him closer to his goals is acceptable. He hates the fact that Kadann is much more powerful than he is, but he's too afraid to openly oppose the Supreme Prophet.

Arrogant, cruel and impatient, Jedgar often moves too quickly against his enemies. This leads to mistakes that have cost him much over the years. Once victory is in sight, he leaps to grab it before all of his plans have played out, causing him to suffer yet another defeat. This flaw can save PCs who find themselves facing the High Prophet.

Jedgar relishes his Dark Side abilities and uses them often. His favorite tactic is to create armies of Force wraiths to send against his enemies, though he isn't opposed to drawing his lightsaber when the chance arises. His lightsaber is characterized by a sickly glowing green blade and an electronic hum like a swarm of angry rage-stingers.

Adventure Hooks: Jedgar is the most visible and openly ambitious of the Prophets. PCs might hear rumors of "an evil Jedi roaming the galaxy," a role the High Prophet loves to play. He offers to train any Force users he meets, tempting them with the quick, easy power the Dark Side offers.

Those who refuse his training become obstacles that must be eliminated, though he won't necessarily attack them immediately. Jedgar can become the PCs' nemesis, always appearing at the wrong moment (as far as the PCs are concerned) or striking at them when they least expect it. He can become their worst enemy if used as your campaign's most devious and evil villain.

Jedgar's current activities center around his latest play for power. He appears before a PC Force user seeking help from the Imperials who are chasing him. These Imperials work for Jedgar, pretending to chase him so that he can gain the PC's sympathy.

His plan is to gain the PC's trust so that the PC will lead him to a Republic base and perhaps even to other Force users. Once he learns the location, and gathers a substantial amount of information, he can leave and return with enough forces to capture or destroy the base and its occupants.

If he can maintain his charade as the PC's friend, he'll go so far as to pretend to defend the base, though he won't provide any significant help. At best, he'll offer the PC a way to escape, hoping to lure the Force user to the Dark Side through offers of friendship and assistance.

Merili, High Prophet of the Dark Side

Template Type: High Prophet of the Dark Side
Loyalty: To herself
Height: 1.7 meters
Species: Human
Homeworld: Dathomir
Age: 32 Standard Years

DEXTERITY 3D
Dodge 5D, melee combat 5D+1, melee parry 5D+2

KNOWLEDGE 3D+2
Alien species: wookiees 6D+2, intimidation 5D, languages: wookiee 4D+2, survival 6D, willpower 5D+2

MECHANICAL 3D+1
Beast riding: rancor 4D+1

PERCEPTION 3D+2
Bargain 4D, command 5D+2, hide 5D+1, sneak 5D+2

STRENGTH 2D+1
Climbing/jumping 3D+1, stamina 4D+1

TECHNICAL 2D

Force Sensitive?: Yes
Force Points: 4
Dark Side Points: 6
Character Points: 7
Move: 10
Equipment: Reptile-scale armor (+2D to Strength for resisting physical damage, +1D for energy damage), poisoned dagger (Strength +1D damage, poison damage determined by victim's Stamina roll: Very Easy +3D; Easy +2D; Moderate +1D; Difficult or better no poison damage), power staff (damage Strength +2D+2)
Force Skills: Control 7D, Sense 6D, Alter 8D

Quote: "Do you like my wookiees? They make such wonderful slaves!"

Description: Long, wild hair of darkest night and startling amber eyes are the first things you'll notice about Merili. She's of medium height with an attractive figure that's usually hidden beneath tattered robes. Her robes cover the reptile-scale armor indigenous to her homeworld of Dathomir, making her appear unarmored and weaponless. A poison-coated dagger hides within a sheath on her upper right arm, and her walking staff is a disguised power weapon that can be activated by pressing a stud with her thumb. She only resorts to physical battle if her life is endangered. She prefers to let her Force wraiths and controlled wookiees fight for her. Merili is the only known female Dark Side Prophet, though to look at her won't reveal her association with the Prophets. She doesn't wear the star robes of the order, nor does she frequent the church on Coruscant or the headquarters station *Scardia*.

Instead, she serves as the keeper of Kashyyyk, the wookiee homeworld, a post given to her by Palpatine himself. Merili is one of the mysterious witches of Dathomir (introduced in *The Courtship of Princess Leia* by Dave Wolverton), who impressed Kadann with her connection to the Dark Side but disturbed him with her madness. Nevertheless, when she asked to become a Prophet he accepted her and took her back to the Empire. That's when he introduced her to the Emperor. She won the Emperor over with her power, and the two found common ground in her utterly evil nature. Palpatine wanted to use her power, but like Kadann he recognized the madness within her. To use her while keeping her from interfering in his own plans, the Emperor gave her Kashyyyk. "Someone must keep the wookiees in line," he told her, "and who better to rule over them than you?"

With five Star Destroyers and nine garrisons under her command, Merili holds Kashyyyk and its star system in an iron grip. Her powers and the horrific monsters she calls forth from the Dark Side keep the wookiees in line, as well as threats against the weak and the young which she has carried out in her madness often enough to let the wookiees know she means business. She also has three adult rancors who serve her as guards and constant companions.

Merili doesn't get involved in galactic politics, preferring to rule her own little "kingdom" on Kashyyyk. Her power doesn't match Kadann's or Jedgar's, but many believe her to be the most dangerous of the Prophets for one reason—she's totally insane. Her speech and mannerisms reflect this. One moment she's calm, her voice measured, the next she's shrieking, animated, and wild. Her desire to remain on Kashyyyk is the only thing protecting the galaxy from her terrible powers and insane ambitions.

Adventure Hooks: Sometime between the end of *Return of the Jedi* and the beginning of *Heir to the Empire* by Timothy Zahn, Kashyyyk and the wookiees are freed from bondage to join the New Republic. Such an event is worthy of spanning many game sessions as the PCs become involved in the effort to set Kashyyyk free. Merili is only one of the obstacles to be faced, though she is definitely the most dangerous. If the PCs come to Kashyyyk, she'll see them as invaders, trying to free her wookiees. Alternatively, Merili might get bored with her "kingdom" and leave to discover what other entertainments the galaxy has to offer. Rumors of an insane Dark Side user, causing death and terror as her whims dictate, should be enough to drive the PCs to track her down. The confrontation, of course, should be nothing less than monumental.

Next: More villains for your New Republic campaign, including Merili's Force wraiths, a Force vampire and an evil wookiee, as well as new Dark Side Force powers and more adventure hooks.

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Elminster's Everwinking Eye

A Treasure Tour of Turmish

by Ed Greenwood

The treasures of Turmish are hidden amid all that beauty. Beautiful trees, dells with beautiful streams . . . oh, yes, and beautiful men, every one of them with secrets to be wormed out into the open.

—Naneetha Shinalstar, War-Mage of Saelmur
Memoirs of an Illithid-Human Crossbreed
Year of the Harp

This time around, we're off on a treasure tour of Turmish—a summary of the highlights of known or suspected forgotten, lost, hidden, or dangerously-guarded caches of treasure. Much of our information, Elminster tells me, comes from the cruel but clever temptress Naneetha Shindalstar (she of the quote above), who surveyed Turmish for many years with eyes open for magic and riches she could use to make Saelmur the most dominant city-state of The Lake of Steam.

Now, the Old Mage suspects, she comes back to wander Turmish so often because she's fallen in love with the place. Oh, yes: he thinks the title of her book was just intended to shock the large but jaded Calishite reading audience, and is not a truthful claim to be descended from an illithid and a human—but just to be sure, Elminster promises, he'll make a point of tracking her down and asking. That should be an interesting encounter.

The most useful way to organize a mishmash of old tales, tavern boasts, and hints is by place, it seems. So let's begin with the only stable city in Turmish: Alaghôn.

The other cities of Turmish are those change-name-and-nature-with-the-seasons ruins. They've been picked over so often that they almost certainly don't hold any sizeable treasure above ground, unless perhaps it's encased in stone blocks—but beware: treasure-seekers breaking open such blocks have met death at the hands of stone guardians and similar golems before!

Alaghôn

Like many another prosperous city of Faerûn, "the Throne of Turmish" has its share of treasure-tales and stories about the eccentrics who amassed and hid most of them, too. These were many—and then there were the normal, average citizens, too. . . .

Alaghôn always has been a place of wealth and eccentric folk and restlessness. Both dwarven and human stonemasons of skill have worked on its houses, drains, and burial vaults, leaving behind them "a thousand thousand" hiding places. Youngsters in this city often explore the cellars, drains, and vaults known to them, seeking a place where they can play. Sometimes, they meet with some disaster, as a lurking monster takes them; more often, they play happily for years, leaving a trail of candle-ends, flints, lamps and lamp-oil for other visitors to use. Increasingly, thieves and other curious explorers are visiting the spots.

Walking-Sticks

Several hundred years ago, a fashion swept the city—everyone of substance began to carry ornate walking-sticks: staves almost as long as a pike in the most ridiculous instances, all of them carved, polished, inlaid, and chased, as well as adorned with ivory, gems, feathers, and ornate metal finecastings.

A few folk still cling to this custom, and many a proud house in Alaghôn has one or more of these canes hung on a wall, or gathering dust in a cloak-corner.

Some of these canes were hollow and filled with rubies or coins, or even tight-rolled spell-scrolls. Others sported more common fittings: spring-dart launchers or retractable dagger-blades. Many of these ornate walking-sticks were buried with their owners and now molder in lightless vaults beneath the streets and tall houses of the city; others stand forgotten in a hundred robing-rooms. Thieves and noblemen of Sembia are becoming increasingly interested in them . . . and tomb-robbing is becoming more common in the Throne of Turmish.

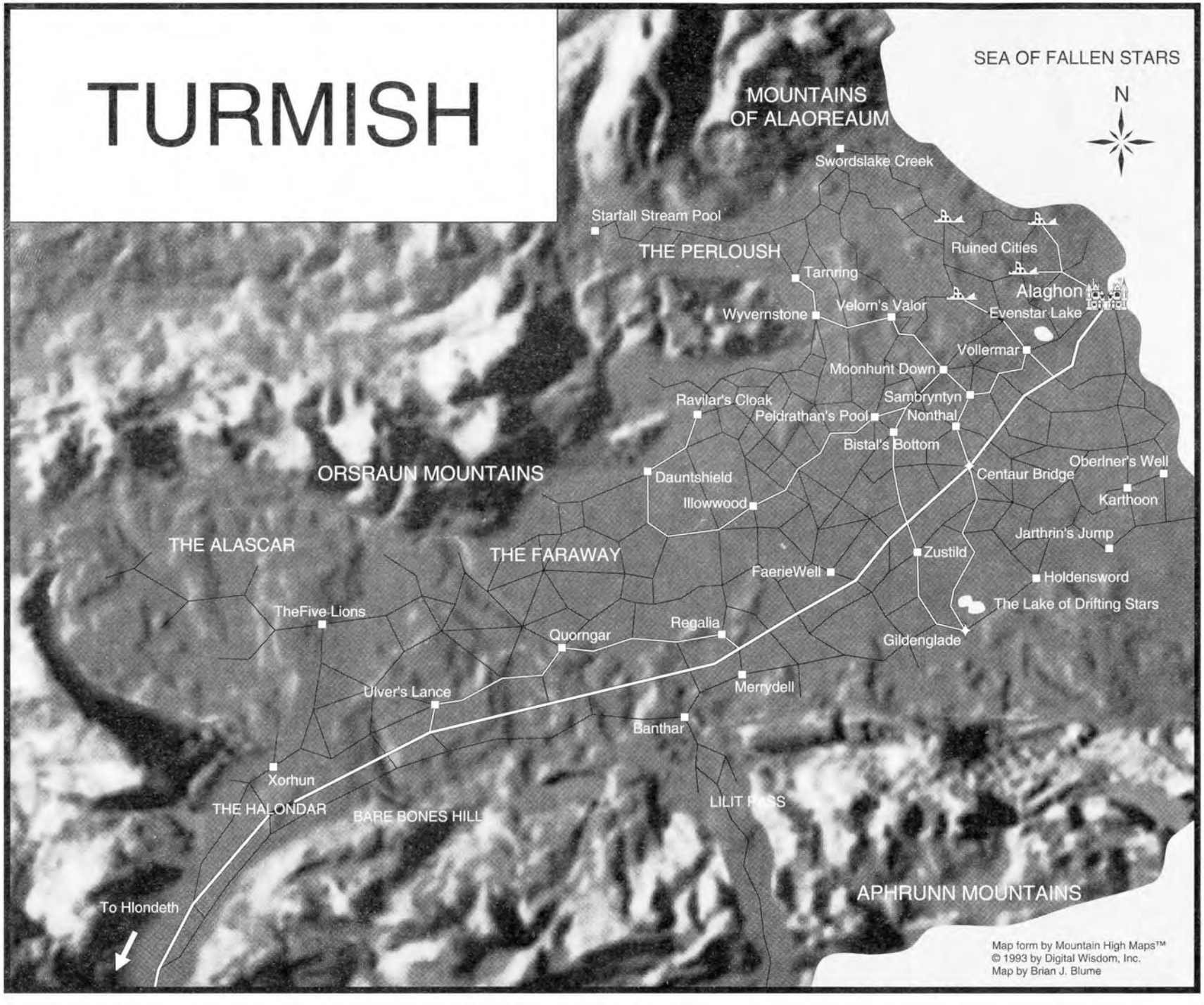
Gems

It is also a custom in the city to give a bride beautiful things on her wedding-day—flowers, poems, scents, or finery. In most of the realm, the value or expense of the gift does not matter. In high-nosed Alaghôn, however, the custom long ago shifted into the giving of gems. Again, value does not matter so much as size, or striking appearance. Poor folk often give blown glass pendants or earrings of rainbow or flame-orange hue. Some of the valueless ornaments or flawed gems have made the rounds, given from a former bride to a new one, who in turn gives it to another new bride, and so on.

Over the years, wizards seeking to hide lichnee life-essences, imprisoned creatures, and similar things have by subterfuge and substitution introduced enchanted stones into the circulation of gems in Alaghôn. Thieves have also sought to hide their takings among the bridal baubles of the city. There are many such stones, in any city of size in Faerûn—but in Alaghôn, two special treasures are thought to lie hidden.

The Maiden's Tears

One is The Maiden's Tears, a matched set of 14 clear, polished, and teardrop-cut diamonds, set on fine wire to be worn as a pectoral by any lady with a capacious bosom. These were snatched from that very location—the rouged and perfumed front of a visiting noblewoman


TURMISH
SEA OF FALLEN STARS
N
MOUNTAINS OF ALAOREAUM
Swordslake Creek
Starfall Stream Pool
THE PERLOUSH
Tarnring
Ruined Cities
Alaghon
Evenstar Lake
Velorn's Valor
Wyvernstone
Vollermar
Moonhunt Down
Sambryntyn
Ravilar's Cloak
Peldrathan's Pool
Nonthal
Bistal's Bottom
Oberlner's Well
Centaur Bridge
Karthoon
ORSRAUN MOUNTAINS
Dauntshield
Illowwood
Jarthrin's Jump
THE ALASCAR
THE FARAWAY
Zustild
FaerieWell
Holdensword
The Lake of Drifting Stars
TheFive Lions
Regalia
Quorngar
Gildenglade
Merrydell
Ulver's Lance
Banthar
Xorhun
THE HALONDAR
BARE BONES HILL
LILIT PASS
APHRUNN MOUNTAINS
To Hlondeth
Map form by Mountain High Maps™
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Map by Brian J. Blume

from Tethyr—at a grand feast less than 30 winters ago. Unfortunately for the thief, her consort was a mage of power. He promptly cast a spell that held everyone in the room motionless for a breath, then announced to the frozen revellers that his magic was seeking through their minds to find the thief. He then turned and signalled to his bodyguard—who used sleep-venomed hand crossbow darts to fell all folk who fled the hall as the spell faded.

Unfortunately, the mage's statement was a bluff—and no less than six of the 15 men and women who fled proved to be allergic to the venom. They died of convulsions, on the spot, and the thief must have been among them. No amount of magically-assisted questioning or prying about afterward could ascertain who'd taken the gems, or where.

The theft had taken place within a globe of conjured light and sound, in which the revelers were dancing . . . a globe which would display any disturbance of other magic. The gems hadn't been spirited away by magic then and must lie hidden somewhere in the hall. Under the mage's direction, the place was searched—and not a few stones were found that lifted to reveal storage niches, and carvings that could be swung aside to reveal hollow spaces within the ornate pillars . . . but of the necklace, there was no trace.

In the years since, that hall has been extensively rebuilt, but the whereabouts of the necklace remains a mystery.

Fingarl's Flame

The other special gem-treasure of Alaghôn is "Fingarl's Flame." This is—or was—a ruby as large as a man's head, in the shape of a rough pyramid with a tip or spire that curves to one side, so that it resembles the curving horn of an ox. Too large to be worn comfortably, it was enspelled long ago as a glowing globe is, to give off a constant red radiance akin to faerie fire, and to float about through the air to follow behind the right shoulder of its owner.

This Fingarl the merchant, whose agents brought the huge gem out of the trackless heart of Chult, is a happy man as well as a vain one. A lecherous and boastful preening braggart, he grew fat on the sailings of his large fleet of ships—until one day he was found headless in his own study. The flame, which accompanied him everywhere (folk said he talked to it and stroked it, especially when upset), was gone. The wizard Thalaskos of Alaghôn has said he was paid handsomely to lay an enchantment on the flame that would make it shriek deafeningly and grow burning hot to the touch if it were ever taken away more than two hundred yards "from the eyes of Fingarl."

He suspects that the thief knew about this spell—whose specifics were a secret shared only by the mage, Fingarl, and six or so of the merchant's most trusted agents—and cut off Fingarl's head to take it with the gem, and so avoid raising an alarm.

The Sword of Storms

There's a lost treasure in Turmish that's even more famous than either of these gems—and most folk believe it lies hidden somewhere in the cellars and sewers of Alaghôn. It's the Sword of Storms—an artifact created by Maerklos "Stormherald," first and greatest warrior-priest of the god Talos. That fierce-spirited man was also named "The Rending Storm" for his actions (plundering and pillaging in the name of Talos, destroying entire cities, and often conjuring up storms).

With the aid of more than a dozen wizards, Maerklos created a blade that's said to be able to control weather as a priest does, emit *lightning bolts* and *gusts of wind* as the wielder wills (only one of the three actions at a time), and to protect either the wielder or—at that being's option—a 10' radius sphere centered on the blade, that utterly wards off all wind (including conjured gasses), all precipitation (including magical fogs), cold, and lightning.

For years treasure-seekers sought the blade throughout Turmish . . . but significantly, the two groups of dedicated searchers have concentrated their efforts in Alaghôn. These two groups are bitter rivals: the priesthoods of Talos and Bhaelros, who worship the same god in different ways. The followers of Talos "the Leaping Lighting" wear ceremonial robes of steel-gray, trimmed with thin straight-line borders of blue and white. Those who embrace Bhaelros "The Divine Wind" favor brown garb with red adornments (rubies, red silk sashes, and the like). The two faiths roughly divide Faerûn between them, with Talos in the north and Bhaelros in the south. Turmish is one of the places where the rival priesthoods meet and battle for supremacy. The night streets of Alaghôn have seen many a furious spell-battle over the years . . . but it's certain that neither faith has yet found the blade, for they'd use it in triumph to drive their hated rivals from the land.

The Wardrobe of Jhaladass

One underground site in Alaghôn is legendary for its danger: the circular base of the tower of Jhaladass, a long-dead mage. Above ground, his tower was plundered, its magics failed, and the structure collapsed. The site has been built over, and no trace of it remains.

The fortified cellars of the round tower, however, still can be found by those who venture into certain little-known cellars, and thence by crawl tunnels and sewers to where a rune-adorned, curving wall is revealed. Excavations through the years have laid bare its entire circumference. The dark, frowning stone bars an unknown, awesomely powerful enchantment. It unleashes random spells whenever touched or struck by magic. Roll 1d10 and consult the following:

1—*Cloudkill*
2—*Reverse gravity* (1d6 damage for striking the ceiling, then 1d6 from hitting the floor, repeated five times for six upward "falls" and 12d6 damage)
3—*Bigby's clenched fist* (lasts 14 rounds and strikes at each intruder in turn; it can be harmed by other wall magic, vanishing if suffering 46 or more hp of damage)
4—*Cone of cold* (fills entire excavated area around wall, inflicting 14d4+14 hp damage)
5—*Blade barrier*
6—*Fireball* (9d6)
7—*Lightning bolt* (9d6)
8—*Ice storm* (hailstones)
9—*Death fog* (lasting 14 rounds)
10—*Meteor swarm* (eight spheres, which rush along the outside of the wall in both directions, then rebound at full speed)

The wall never has been broken. (*Dispel magic*, *passwall*, and *dig* spells cause the defenses to lash out just as any other magic does, and prismatic spells are repulsed outward, to menace their casters.) One energetic excavator wrote that the tower's underneath is similarly defended: digging under the walls doesn't avoid the spells.

Elminster assures me we'll look at the lost and rumored treasures of other locales in Turmish in columns to come. Happy hunting until then!

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The Living Galaxy

Carrots, Sticks, and Mysteries in Space

by Roger E. Moore

On a Saturday afternoon at the 1994 GEN CON® game fair, I was part of an RPGA® Network seminar on science-fiction games. One of the questions that my fellow panelists and I fielded concerned ways to create mysteries in science-fiction role-playing campaigns, as part of long-running adventures. More importantly, we were asked, how can a Game Master be sure the players will investigate a particular mystery?

The questions intrigued me. As I mulled them over then and later, I developed what I called the "carrot and stick" approach to mystery-building. Now, this isn't a new idea, but it is well worth repeating for the good it can bring to campaigns.

Carrot + Stick = Adventure

Simply put, the carrot in a mystery is the reward that the PCs expect when they solve the mystery. The stick is the threat that faces the characters as they attempt to get their work done.

You see the carrot-and-stick method used all the time in detective fiction. For example, a private investigator is hired (for a remarkable sum) to find an absent heiress, locate a missing statue, recover a lost key, or what have you. Along the way, he discovers that the forces responsible for the kidnapping or theft do not want anyone to mess around in their business, and considerable gunfire and nasty deathtraps are encountered.

The process of hunting for the missing person or item usually produces more mysteries and questions that must be resolved; even rescuing the victim or finding the item usually produces a further shock or two, perhaps opening up a deep well of adventures to come. This layer-upon-layer system is the "onion" principle for campaign creation, covered in more detail in POLYHEDRON® Newszine issue #91.

It works wonders in keeping players hooked to a story line, keeping them curious about what's coming up next. Eventually, the mysteries are solved, the lost people or items are found, the detective gets the carrot, and everyone is happy except the bad guys. Aside from reward money, the carrot for a successful mission can also be fame, new allies, favors, future missions, or the recovered item itself if it brings its finder new powers.

The carrot might also be to prevent anyone else from getting the missing item first; Indiana Jones' attempts to keep the Ark and the Grail out of Nazi hands come to mind here. In the POLYHEDRON Newszine issues #66-67, the broad selection of treasure types offered could be used as mission "carrots"; more than one could be fitted into any adventure.

It would be nice if players were satisfied with having their characters solve mysteries purely for the joy of intellectual stimulation or the advancement of science, but let's be realistic. As a general rule, money talks and intellectual stimulation walks. If the carrot is "pure" knowledge, it should have some immediate practical value, even if that value is reward money from an outside agency hunting for that knowledge.

However, nobody gets something for free and truly savors it as much as someone who fights for the same item and wins it. You get what you pay for, and if you pay a steep price, the recovered item seems all the more precious as a result. Besides, a hero is nothing without a challenge to confront. Hence the need for the stick. The stick ideally should be applied softly at first (for instance, a detective is roughed up instead of being shot, as a warning to butt out). Increasing amounts of deadly force are used if the hunter proves to be undaunted. It is, of course, best to avoid killing player characters early in a campaign, but killing a few later on might be unavoidable. See this column in issue #64 for a list of nonlethal ways to make the PCs' lives a little less pleasant.

Okay, so you have a carrot and stick. Now you need a story.

The Plot Rules

The basic element of a mystery story, according to the book *Writing Mysteries* (from the Mystery Writers of America, who should know) is the question, Who done what? When you develop a mystery, you have to look at it from two directions: from the top down and from the bottom up, as noted here earlier in issue #91.

The top-down view is that of the GM, who knows all the answers to the basic who, what, when, where, why, and how of the mysterious events that occur in the campaign. The bottom-up view is that of the player, who has no idea at first about what's going on, and so must piece the clues together to solve things, like Sherlock Holmes. That's how a mystery works.

The bottom-up view is critical. The GM can never forget that all events in the mystery will be seen from the viewpoint of players who don't know the whole story. Some of these events must occur in sequence with logical cause and effect relationships, though some events might occur (or fail to occur) because of PC intervention.

Events must be believable and realistic; they must also tell a story. The story makes the mystery a mystery. If people did things for no logical reason, nothing would have an explanation and there would be no mystery about anything we did. But we are human. We do things that make sense, at least to us. We sometimes do secret things for secret reasons, and sometimes other people want to know why we did those things—so they try to find out our secrets. As *Writing Mysteries* clearly states, plot is everything.

This dominance of plot doesn't mean that the GM must force PCs through a narrow story line with few or no chances for them to explore things on their own. However, the background events are critical in a mystery, and the true story of what constitutes a mysterious event should be reasonable and interesting, as well as surprising.

The secrets that PCs discover in science-fiction games should not be boring ones!

PCs should have a range of options for how they go about solving a mystery. Can they look up information in a computer database, question bystanders, read newspapers, or examine the scene

of a crime? How many clues are there, and how many ways are there to find those clues? The more options, the better the PCs like it.

Finding the Proper Carrot

All well and good, but what if the players aren't interested in your mystery? As the GM, you've spent hours making up an elaborate adventure that Indiana Jones would have been proud to tackle, but the players make unhappy noises when they get the drift of things and have their PCs instead go off on a merchant expedition to raise money for more weapons to stick on their spacecraft. How can this be avoided?

It's hard to predict what any group of players will do, but you definitely stack the odds in your favor if you first examine the players and characters involved in the mission and tailor the adventure to fit them. Look over the players' character sheets carefully. Do most of the PCs seem to be in need of money, equipment, skills, or other things? Ask the players questions about their PCs' backgrounds and goals, if this hasn't already been done. Look for information on what the players want their PCs to do with their lives and where the characters hope to end up. What are their immediate and long-term plans? Take lots of notes and look for ways to use this material.

Practical application of this knowledge is often obvious. If four out of five adventurers in the group want more money to buy space weaponry for their starship, then offering large cash rewards to solve seemingly simple problems will lure them in. (The "simple" adventures, of course, rarely are.) There might also be the hint of greater rewards to come, if the PCs manage to loot the hoard of valuables belonging to the bad guys.

The bait need not be so blunt, but a little nose-leading isn't always bad if tactfully and subtly done. If the PCs are ex-military personnel looking for a former comrade (last seen in a little colony that has since disappeared), then an unrelated mission to the world where the lost colony was last seen might have special appeal for them. A search for a lost starship could look very attractive to a professor PC who thinks the ship holds the key to a scientific mystery that she's been trying to solve, which would bring great fame—perhaps even tenure, her real goal in the game!

On the other hand, if the players are mostly interested in exploring the stellar map, a mystery that required lots of space travel would provide its own reward. You may wish to scatter the clues around space, requiring the PCs to go from star system to star system in search of elusive prey, sometimes forcing them to backtrack to pick up an important but unrecognized clue.

For instance, the PCs might inadvertently discover a lost starship but have no awareness of its significance. Later, after they've left the ship far behind, they come across reports that the ship held a special treasure or secret computer information—and they are hired to go back and find the ship again! Of course, while they were gone, the ship might have been moved, damaged, or reinhabited by unfriendly creatures. That, however, is the nature of things in game campaigns.

Mysterious Plots & People

Most of the participants in the science-fiction gaming seminar believed that mysteries were excellent ways to get players involved in adventures, assuming that the mysteries appealed to the group. But the question also came up of where a Game Master could get ideas for developing mysteries.

One solution: Steal them (but be mysterious about it).

Look, for example, at real-world mysteries that catch the public's attention. In particular, look at scientific mysteries, since this is science fiction, after all. It doesn't matter that these scientific mysteries might actually be overblown or riddled with misinformation, as the so-called Bermuda Triangle mystery appears to be. For game purposes, we're going to make each mystery a real one, with real threats and rewards.

One good source of mysterious events lies in the works of Charles Fort, who long ago collected actual reports of bizarre happenings and published them in works like *The Book of the Damned.* In the 1950s and '60s, authors like Frank Edwards published further anthologies of events such as UFO sightings, disappearances of ships and planes, prophetic dreams, showers of frogs and fish, peculiar coincidences, sea monsters, ghosts and hauntings, etc. If you should find some of Charles Fort's or Frank Edwards' books in a used-book store, check them out; they are treasure troves of ideas for clever GMs.

Of course, you'll have to figure out an explanation for everything, develop a story, give events a sinister purpose, then work out ways to get the PCs involved and on the clue trail.

But you're a GM and should be used to that. In case you aren't, here's an example of a scientific mystery and some gaming uses for it:

Stories of apelike sasquatch in the Pacific Northwest of North America could be used to develop an adventure for near-future *Twilight: 2000* or *Cyberpunk 2.0.2.0.* characters, or even agents from modern-day espionage RPGs like the TOP SECRET/S.I.® game. (It doesn't hurt here if you've also seen the movie *Harry and the Hendersons*, or the TV show that followed.)

The disappearance of food and small livestock from various farms might be traced back to a family of starving sasquatch, and this could be the introduction the PCs need to get mixed up in things. But tracking down stolen apple pies sounds pretty dull, and starving sasquatch aren't very good villains (they're victims more than anything else), so let's liven up the plot.

Let's say that this clan of sasquatch is fighting off attacks by a renegade motorcycle gang, and the bodies of slain gang members appear in the forest at times. (Slain sasquatch are removed by their relatives.)

The PCs might first think another cycle gang is hiding in the woods near the farms, but the manner in which the gang members died (struck by clubs or spears) and the huge footprints left behind by the killers will tell another story.

To make things more confusing, let's bring in the Hendersons and say that some humans in the area have secretly befriended the sasquatch, arming them with sophisticated hand-to-hand weaponry (steel-tipped spears, spiked clubs, etc.).

These people are also afraid of the gang members but rarely fight them openly. The local folk, who fear gang spies and are covering for the sasquatch to prevent the possible extermination of the latter, might try to mislead nosy investigators by telling lies, spoiling or stealing evidence, or even threatening the PCs anonymously.

But now we've removed the reason for why the PCs came here to begin with, in search of stolen food. Hmmm—we'll have to get back to this later.

A Suspenseful Interlude

In the confused and eerie landscape of many near-future RPGs, the previous "sasquatch scenario" might be very effective if role-played to the standards of most horror RPGs like Chaosium's *Call of Cthulhu* game, GDW's *Dark Conspiracy* system, or the fantasy-based RAVENLOFT® campaign for TSR's AD&D® game. A good mystery, like a good horror tale, keeps you on the edge of your seat.

In issue #76, this column looked at horror and its application to SFRPGs. Many of the techniques of horror are quite applicable to mystery adventures, though horror is not the emotion that you as the GM are trying to elicit.

You want suspense, tension, nerves on edge, and a touch of uncertainty and fear, but not overwhelming fear, panic, and doom. The difference is sometimes a fine one, given the great degree of danger in either genre, but it's still very important. In a horror game, the PCs are primarily the hunted. In a mystery, they are clearly the hunters.

The setting for a good mystery is often made quite menacing, to add to the suspenseful atmosphere. Local people are not trustworthy; they may have unpleasant reputations for violence, lying, corruption, or betrayal. And the PCs are at some risk just being in the area. Local buildings might be dirty, the streets narrow and in bad repair, and most windows broken, barred, or boarded over. Think of Gothic manors or dark-future cityscapes, like Los Angeles in *Bladerunner* or Gotham City in the Batman movies. Properly describing and presenting the setting builds anxiety, anticipation, and suspense in players.

In contrast, the mystery setting might sometimes seem surprisingly idyllic, with clean streets, bright banners, abundant greenery, and a warm climate. The people, however, still aren't nice, and this contrast also provokes suspense. What will happen next? the players wonder, feeling chills go down their spines as they meet the unfriendly eyes of the natives.

Speaking of mysterious foes, the stick in a mystery adventure is not likely to be in the hands of a monster or alien, even though a SF mystery is likely to have these beings. In fact, the foe in a traditional mystery is usually a human or group of humans who have committed a crime. Their acts are cruel but not insane or illogical; their motives are human ones, and their story makes sense. The monsters and aliens might be more humane than the monstrous, criminal humans.

The sasquatch in the previous example are not criminals, but the renegade motorcyclists are. With the AD&D game's endlessly useful *Complete Book of Villains,* I can detail the main foes to my heart's content. But we still have to get the PCs involved and mess things up a bit more.

The Sasquatch Return

Let's change the top-down perspective of the sasquatch adventure and make it specific to a postwar or post-collapse North America, ideal for *Twilight: 2000, GURPS Autoduel, Cyberpunk 2.0.2.0.*, or similar games. Let's also work up a reasonable backstory and let the mystery develop from that.

The marauder cyclists have been causing trouble up and down the Pacific coast for several months. Lately they've settled down near a small town in Washington State, after one of their members was killed by an unknown assailant. (He shot a sasquatch and was shot in return by a local citizen.) Before long, the cyclists are at war with the "woods monsters," townspeople, and the remnants of local police forces. The police know about the sasquatch but, like other townspeople, are protecting the ape-men. The gang members talk about the "woods monsters," but no one ever listens to them, since they are, after all, brutal criminals. It's assumed by outsiders that the cyclists are making up the monster story to cover up their attacks on local citizens.

The PCs get involved, let's say, because they are hired or assigned to track down the people who hijacked a one-truck shipment of poisonous chemicals, murdering the drivers. The PCs could be bounty hunters, cops, FBI agents, or even relatives of the slain truckers. A wrecked motorcycle found some miles from the crime scene provides clues leading to the community where the bizarre battle is going on.

Finding the cyclists suspected of the crime is hard, as they've become fair guerrilla fighters. In fact, evidence might at first point to certain townspeople as the guilty party. To make things worse, the townspeople are uncomfortable around outsiders, as they fear the PCs might be cyclists in disguise or will discover the sasquatch. The PCs get poor service at the local bar, find their cars develop flat tires if left unattended, and get unsigned, nasty letters stuck under their hotel doors. Solving the mystery of the identity of the killers only leads to another mystery: Why was the poison stolen? A few marauders came across the truck shipment by accident, but realized its importance and took it over.

The PCs might guess the gang plans to use the poison on the sasquatch, but they're wrong. The gang actually plans to poison the water supply for the town. The town has an old National Guard armory that the cyclists figure (correctly) must have tons of supplies and weapons. After hearing about the armory weeks ago, the gang drove west from Idaho to find the place. The killing of one of their members gave them a thirst for revenge as well as greed, and the sasquatch are merely in the way.

If the PCs go after the cyclists, they soon encounter yet another mystery if they glimpse a sasquatch or see the evidence of an old fight between cyclists and ape-men. Before long, the PCs and townspeople might confront each other over the issue of the sasquatch's secret

existence, and the PCs must get the locals' trust to deal with the situation at last. (Getting the trust of the sasquatch would be helpful, too.)

If the PCs are clever, they can foil the gang's poisoning attempt, destroy the gang as a fighting force, and bring peace to the region—leaving townsfolk and sasquatch to work out their future together.

If the PCs miss the assortment of clues pointing to the real situation, they could end up killing a sasquatch, earning the hatred of the town, and perhaps being jailed, killed, or run out of the area. Worse, they might be caught in the mass poisoning and subsequent raid by the cyclists—an ugly finish indeed.

Make Bogart Your Teacher

Another good place to steal ideas is in the mystery-detective section of your local bookstore, library, or video store. Check out a video copy of *The Big Sleep,* starring Humphrey Bogart, and make a list of the ways that you could incorporate a similar plot and characters into your own campaign.

Read the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Look at the ways that authors add twists to "simple" plots and draw their detectives in.

A fairly straightforward murder mystery in a SF campaign, lacking aliens and monsters, might go as follows:

Margo Kolter, a dignitary from a nearby planet in the same star system, is visiting the world on which the PCs currently make their home.

The woman, the only child of a minor corporate executive, is here to market her company's products and establish a "trade beachhead" to eventually shut out the products of rival firms. (Margo works for the same corporation that her father does.) She gets to meet one or more of the PCs, perhaps dating a particularly interesting character. Then someone tries to kill her by sending a bomb through the mail, which explodes in a delivery truck stopped outside her home. The mailman is killed instead.

The PCs, if they are of the proper professions, are hired by Ms. Kolter for extraordinary amounts of money (the carrot) to find out who the would-be assassin was. As the PCs dig into Margo's life, they discover that she has a wide assortment of enemies in other companies, as she is very aggressive (and very successful) in her sales approach. However, nearly all of her "enemies" have great professional respect for her, and none appear to wish her harm. They'd much rather hire Ms. Kolter for their own companies than kill her.

More interesting is the fact that Margo has a wide assortment of enemies inside her own company, though she refuses to believe anyone there would try to hurt her. Many of her co-workers resent Margo's rapid rise in the corporation, and her successes overshadow those of most of her jealous peers. She's also not especially likeable; except when talking with clients or a close friend, Margo is rather cold and emotionless. Still, with the exception of bitter words and nasty looks, no one means her physical harm. Margo's work has made the company and its employees quite rich.

While the investigation is going on, two more attacks are made against Margo's life. Both are from remote-controlled weapons and devices which put the PCs and Margo through some harrowing moments (the stick).

The local chief of police is besieged with public cries for action, but he doesn't know where to begin. Interestingly, evidence is found that links the crimes with an old terrorist group. But the terrorists vanished years ago, and no motive exists.

Once the PCs start to investigate Ms. Kolter's family history, however, paydirt is struck. Margo's mother was originally from this world, but was killed here 35 years ago by terrorists (the same ones mentioned earlier) just after her daughter was born. The terrorists were not captured, but their political faction later renounced violence and eventually came to power in this world's government. Margo is aware of this, but she bears no ill will toward anyone over past events. She just wants to sell her products and get another huge commission.

An investigation into the terrorist attack years ago reveals evidence of a cover-up. Clever PCs with computer and library skills can eventually put the clues together. The man responsible for the killing of the woman's mother is now, bizarrely, the local chief of police. He has tried to erase his past as a terrorist, but he feels increasingly bad about it. Margo's mother was killed as she walked past a bomb hidden beside a statue of a military hero; no one was meant to be harmed by the blast. If confronted by the evidence, the police chief confesses his guilt for the old attack. But he claims to have had nothing to do with the current wave of violence against Margo Kolter. In fact, he was not aware that Ms. Kolter was the daughter of the woman killed in the explosion years ago. He will resign and turn himself in if the PCs accompany him and urge him on; he will not run or fight.

More clues to the mystery appear if the PCs investigate Margo's company and her father. The company has a standing arrangement with a large consortium of other interstellar firms to set up an embargo against any world where corporate employees are the victims of political violence. The attacks against Margo will trigger this embargo if she is harmed or the attacks continue. The embargo would be disastrous for the world's economy, throwing millions out of work and cutting the globe off from much-needed interstellar goods.

Margo's father engineered the embargo deal years ago after his wife was slain. All attempts to contact him now fail—he's on vacation, his assistants say, but they don't know where.

Then the home of the police chief is bombed, shortly after his arrest is made public. His wife and children are killed.

Any PCs who connect Margo's father with the attacks are right on the money, though Margo won't believe it. Margo names a nearby resort spot where her father and mother stayed before her mother's death. There, the PCs find Margo's father, who denounces his daughter for dealing with "a planet of savages and monsters" who took away his only love. He and his few fanatic helpers attempt to kill the PCs before preparing the next wave of attacks, this time against government forces that Margo's father feels were also responsible for his wife's death.

The PCs will have to take it from there. The mystery is solved, but the final battle must still be fought. This is only a general story outline, and a GM will have to spice it up further for use in his or her own campaign. It can also serve as a model for similar mysteries in which to entangle the heroes.

My thanks go out to Dave McCoy (FASA, *BattleTech* game) and Tom Dowd (FASA, *Shadowrun* game), who chaired the RPGA Network panel with me at the game fair, and to the gamers who asked all the questions that got me thinking. See you next month.

❑

The Living Jungle

Sticks and Stones

When we heard the first of the Living Jungle questions, we smacked ourselves on our collective forehead. How could we have failed to anticipate it?

"So, in this new Living Jungle, how much damage does a stick do? how about a rock? and how far can my super-strong (but not terribly bright) saru character throw one?"

Oh boy.

I suppose we should have seen it coming, but we just didn't. On one hand, it's a natural for the jungle. On the other, we'd gotten so wrapped up in the setting and role-playing possibilities that we forgot what is probably the most important part of gaming (to many players): hitting things with other things. And so, we forgot to consider what damage a 19-Strength saru could cause with a rock. Or a stick. Or how far the brute could throw that rock.

In staying with the KISS (Keep It Simple, for the Saru) principle, here are the weapon statistics for "rock" and "stick," along with some explanitory notes for the 19 Strength saru PCs who found they had precious few Ability Score points left over.

Primitive Weapons

	Weight	Size	Type	Speed Factor	Damage S-M/L	
Rock	1 lb.	S	B	3	1d4	1d4
Stick	4 lb.	M	B	4	1d4	1d3

Primitive Missile Fire

	ROF	S	M	L
Rock, thrown	1	1	2	3

Descriptions

Rock: Any roughly spherical or elliptical object of eolithic material, between four and six centimeters . . . no, no, we can't do it! It's just too silly.

You know what a rock is. A rock is a rock. What we're talking about here are softball-sized rocks, the sort any dumb ape or saru can pick up and carry around, then fling at some unsuspecting villain. If your saru PC wants to pick up and hurl a great hunk of statuary or roll a good-sized boulder down a hill, well, that's just another matter entirely, and you'll find the damage and range with the boulder or statue (in a particular tournament encounter description).

illustration by Jim Holloway

Stick: Sticks are a lot like quarterstaves or clubs, except they are weapons of opportunity, not the more carefully trimmed and (perhaps) weighted weapons used by most Living Jungle characters. If you're thinking of using a stick, try to get a club, first. But if you really need to beat something with a stick, you'll inflict a little less damage and maybe get a nasty splinter.

illustration by Phillip Robb

Note: No character may have proficiency in "stick" or "rock," which is another good reason to use a staff, club, or spear instead. So even warriors attack at –2 to hit with these weapons, and wizards suffer a –5 penalty to hit, though Strength bonuses still apply.

No, the Living Jungle definitely has no saru warriors with specialization in "rock."

That would be way too silly.

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1995 RPGA® Network Club Games Decathlon

Don't miss out on the fun and competition of the Network's sixth annual Games Decathlon! Show the entire Network that your club reigns supreme in talent, energy, and activity by entering up to 10 of the following events, each designed to challenge a club's gaming skill, creativity, and teamwork.

While a club can enter up to 10 events overall, each of the three categories—convention tournaments, writing events, and service events—has its own limit. For instance, a club can select no more than four convention tournaments to count toward its Decathlon competition. Only the first 10 Decathlon events a club officially enters count toward the club's total—win or lose.

The third-place winners receive a lovely trophy and an assortment of gaming products valued at $50 or more. Second-place wins a splendid trophy and game products of $100 or more value. And the first-place club this year will win a fantastic trophy and an assortment of gaming products valued at $200 or more. Network HQ reserves the right to award additional prizes for outstanding or unusual performances over the course of the year.

Convention	Month	Location	Event	Entry Deadline
* Pandemonium	January	CAN	AD&D® Special	ASAP
* Kapcon	January	NZ	AD&D Special	ASAP
* Cancon	January	AUS	Paranoia Benefit	ASAP
* WINTER FANTASY™	February	WI	AD&D Surprise	January 31
* Total Confusion	February	MA	Ravenloft	February 1
* ConnCon	March	CT	LC Feature	February 1
* Con-Troll	March	TX	LC "Last Stand"	February 1
* CosCon	March	PA	AD&D Challenge	February 1
* Egyptian Campaign	March	IL	AD&D Special	February 1
* Spring Revel	March	IL	AD&D "Masque"	February 1
* Weekend/Ravens Bluff	March	SC	LC "Last Stand"	February 1
* Weekend/Ravens Bluff	April	CA	LC "Last Stand"	March 1
* Weekend/Ravens Bluff	April	HI	LC "Last Stand"	March 1
* Glathricon	June	IN	AD&D Benefit	May 1
* ConMan	June	NH	Torg Feature	May 1
* Windsor Game Fest	July	CAN	AD&D Special	June 1
* DragonCon	July	GA	LC "Threats"	June 1
* Origins	July	PA	Living Jungle	June 1
* DexCon	July	NJ	AD&D Special	June 1
* GEN CON® Game Fair	August	WI	AD&D Surprise	July 1
* AndCon	September	OH	AD&D Benefit	August 1
* Tacticon	September	CO	AD&D Benefit	August 1
* Purple Dragon	October	CAN	AD&D Special	September 1
* FallCon	November	NE	Living Jungle	October 1
* Contrary	November	MA	Cof C Feature	October 1
* Dire Consequences	November	MA	LC Feature	October 1
* SoonerCon	November	OK	LC Feature	October 1

Convention Tournaments

Each club may select up to four events from the following list of convention tournaments to count toward their 1995 Decathlon effort. To select a tournament, a club officer must designate a club member to represent the club at the event by sending Network HQ a Decathlon Entry Form or a legible facsimile postmarked (or timestamped via e-mail) no later than the date listed for each event.

At the tournament, a representative must write "1995 Decathlon" and the club's name in the upper right hand corner of his or her voting sheet. Failure to do so disqualifies the club from that event.

Points: If the club member on the form wins first place in the tournament, his or her club receives 4 Decathlon points. If the designee finishes second, the club receives 2 points. Members participating but not placing first or second gain 1 point for their club. Note that it is possible for more than one club to earn points at the same tournament.

Writing Events

Your club can enter up to six of these events. All entries must be legibly typed or computer printed. The author's name and the club name should appear at the top of each page, and each page must be numbered. Clubs can submit entries for each event as many times as they wish. However, all entries must come with a Standard Disclosure Form.

Except for the Black and White Art and Tournament Design events, all entries must come in the same envelope. Each entry must be accompanied by one Decathlon Entry Form, which lists all the items the club is entering. A club can earn Decathlon points for only one entry in each contest. Special rules applying to each contest are listed separately:

Black & White Art

All entries should be clean copies—not originals—of black & white art of any two-dimensional medium. Subjects can be of any gaming genre, but must adhere to the ethical standards of POLYHEDRON® Newszine (no nudity, excessive gore, or other elements inappropriate for a general audience).

Deadline: May 12

First:	5 points
Second:	3 points
Third:	1 point

Living Jungle Tribe

Entries should describe a new tribe of Nubari for the Living Jungle (see issue #102 for some samples). Entries may be from 500 to 2,000 words long and should concentrate on the culture, legends, and lifestyle of the tribe but may also give members of the tribe a small benefit (like a bonus proficiency, or a +1 adjustment to fight with a particular weapon). The winning entry will become an official addition to the Living Jungle setting.

Deadline: May 19

First:	5 points
Second:	3 points
Third:	1 points

Club Newsletter

To be considered for this contest, a club must produce at least four newsletters between January 1 and September 14, sending Network HQ a copy each time it

is printed, and also sending a collection of all newsletters together by the deadline. Entries will be judged on quality, timeliness, and appearance.

Deadline: September 15
First: 4 points
Second: 2 points
Third: 1 point

Tournament Design

All of the tournament events must consist of six to twelve well-developed encounters. Except for the Living Settings (including Virtual Seattle), tournaments must include six complete characters as well. All submissions must be legibly typed or computer printed and should, if possible, include an electronic copy of the text (WordPerfect or ASCII text are best). All tournaments must be no longer than 20,000 words (30,000 words for those including characters).

Writing Guidelines for the Living City, Living Jungle, and Virtual Seattle are available from HQ for the cost of a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Living Jungle Tournament

Deadline: June 16
First: 6 points
Second: 4 points
Third: 2 points

Virtual Seattle Tournament

Deadline: July 14
First: 6 points
Second: 4 points
Third: 2 points

One-Round AD&D® Tournament

Deadline: August 18
First: 7 points
Second: 5 points
Third: 3 points

Multi-Round AD&D Tournament

Deadline: September 15
First: 8 points
Second: 6 points
Third: 4 points

One-Round Non-AD&D Tournament

Deadline: October 13
First: 7 points
Second: 5 points
Third: 3 points

Multi-Round Non-AD&D Event

Deadline: November 3
First: 8 points
Second: 6 points
Third: 4 points

Service Events

A club can enter either or both of these.

Most Sanctioned Tournaments
Any tournaments submitted to Network HQ between January 1 and November 3 can qualify if they are sanctioned for play by HQ staff. Each round counts toward the club's total. Each tournament must include a cover letter identifying it as a Decathlon service event entry. Tournaments submitted for the writing events can count toward the total for this event. Each club must also submit a written list of all tournaments it is claiming for the event by November 17.

First: 8 points
Second: 6 points
Third: 4 points

Most New Members Recruited
Members recruited between February 1 and September 30 can qualify. The club name must be legibly written in ink in the top margin of the membership form. Clubs must not collect forms or membership fees; the new members must submit the form normally. Only new memberships qualify—renewals do not.

First: 6 points
Second: 4 points
Third: 2 points

1995 Games Decathlon Event Entry Form

Club Name _____

Decathlon Event Title _____

This is an entry for: _____

Tournament **Writing Event** **Service Event**

Name of Club Representative/Author of Club submission:

A copy of this form must be filled out on or before the deadlines listed in the 1995 Decathlon schedule—one form for each event entered. However, you can include forms for as many events as you desire in the same envelope. If you enclose an addressed postcard with each form, we will confirm the receipt of your submission or entry.

If an emergency requires you to change your representative at a convention after you have filled out this form, see a Network HQ staffer or designated HQ representative and make the change BEFORE the event begins. Oversleeping, advancement in another event, and similar occurrences are not emergencies. Medical problems, being called to judge, and similar incidents are emergencies.

Return forms to: Games Decathlon, RPGA Network, 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva, WI 53147